

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

22nd Year. No. 35.

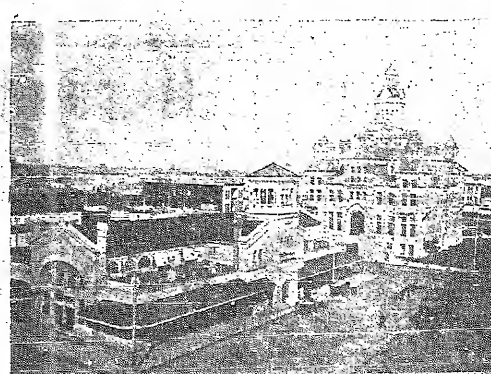
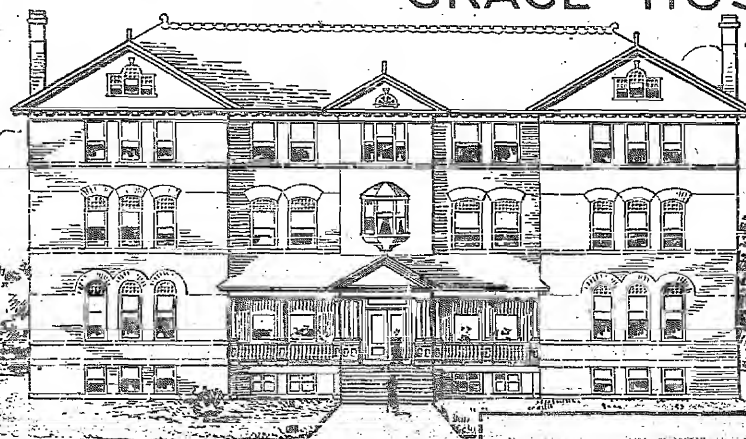
WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1906.

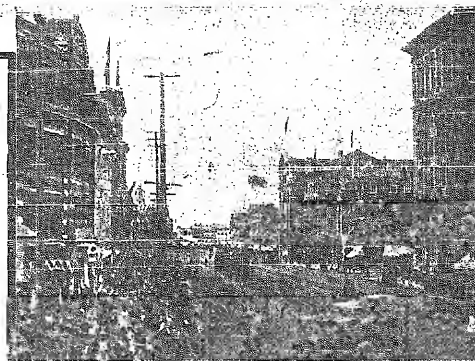
THOMAS B. COOMBS,
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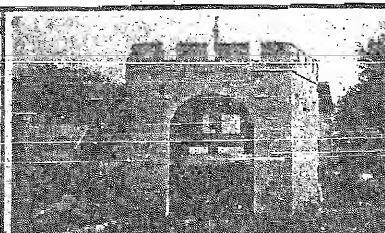
WINNIPEG'S LATEST TRIUMPH GRACE HOSPITAL



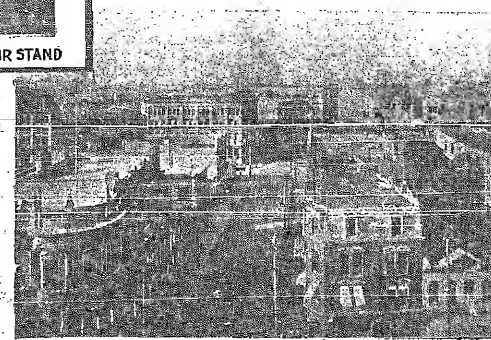
MARKET AND CITY HALL A WELL KNOWN OPEN-AIR STAND



VIEW OF MAIN ST. FROM PORTAGE AVE.



OLD FORT GARRY GATE



WHOLESALE SECTION from Bank of Hamilton.

THE ALABASTER BOX.

One brought her precious ointment to Thy board,
And broke the box, and poured it on Thy feet,
—what have I to give Thee, O my Lord?
Spikenard of sacred offering, rare and sweet?

So, while I pray, the day in Eastern skies
Draws near, translucent, white from cloud or stain,
As that one alabaster vase of price,
Bearing its sealed sweetness once again.

What joys are shut within it, who shall say?
What fragrance of love's giving and love's gain,
What new dear hope and knowledge, locked away?
What costly balm of selfless toil and pain?

No hand has touched it yet for woe or weal—
The white day dawning yonder, still and sweet,
I bring Thee, Lord, and break the seal,
And pour its unknown fragrance at Thy feet.
—Australian Cry.

How the Dying Warrior Raised Her Target.

Mrs. Adj. French, of the British field, spent twenty-three years in active service as a soldier and officer in our ranks. She has just been called to higher service above. The following touching story is told of her, which brings into vivid relief her brave salvation spirit.

During the recent Self-Denial Week, being too weak to rise from her bed, she conceived the idea of raising her own target by issuing a pictorial card, bearing her photograph, and the following appeal:—

"Every year in the past I have been privileged to take an active part in the Self-Denial effort. This year I regret I am too weak and ill to do so. Will you therefore help me to raise my target by the sale of these cards?"

Mrs. French's last salvation message delivered to her husband on her death-bed, as he left her side to attend a meeting, was: "Tell the people salvation is a glorious thing to LIVE with, but it is also glorious to DIE with."

At the Sunday evening memorial service in the corps where they were stationed, fifty-five souls came to the mercy seat, the majority of whom were volunteers.

A dear woman who a baby was recently burnt to death, boldly walked to the penitent form, followed in quick succession by a backslider.

Two mothers with babies in their arms; several young people; a strong young man; more women; the son of the Recruiting-Sergeant; some junior lads and lasses; six young girls together; then the little brothers, the sons of one of the first women; half a dozen young fellows who have given considerable trouble in the meetings marched up the aisle together—and so the marvelous scene continued, until the number stated above—the majority for salvation, and a large proportion volunteers—had decided boldly to serve the same Saviour as the promoted warrior.

ETERNITY:
WHERE SHALL I SPEND IT?

Many years ago, when the elder Forbes Winslow was living—the most eminent pathologist in diseases of the mind that England ever produced—there came over from France a young Frenchman to consult the great doctor. He brought letters of recommendation from many eminent men in France, among them one from Napoleon III., at that time Emperor of France. Dr. Forbes Winslow read the letters, and then turned to the young Frenchman and said:

"What is your trouble?"
He said, "I don't know."
"Have you lost any money?"
"No, not lately."
"Have you suffered in honor or reputation?"
"No, not so far as I know."
"Have you lost any friends?"
"No, not recently."
"Then, what is it keeps you awake?"
"Dr. Winslow, I'd rather not tell."
"If you don't tell I can't help you."

"Well," said the young Frenchman, "my trouble is this: I am an infidel, and my father was an infidel before me; but strangely enough, every night when I lie down to sleep this question rises before me: 'Eternity—where shall I spend it?' During the night I think of but that one problem, and if I succeed in falling into troubled slumber it is more awful than being awake, and I start from some horrible dream all a-tremble. The question haunts me."

Dr. Forbes Winslow said, "I can't help you, but I can tell you a physician that can."

He took his Bible from a table and turned to Isaiah liii. 5, reading: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed."

There was a curl of scorn upon the Frenchman's lip as he said: "Dr. Winslow, do you mean to tell me that a man of your eminent scientific position believes that effete superstition of Christianity?"

"Yes," said Dr. Winslow, "I believe in Jesus Christ, and I believe in the Bible, and believing in Christ and the Bible has saved me from becoming what you are."

The man dropped his head for a moment before he spoke.

"If I am an honest man I ought at least to be willing to consider it, ought I not? Will you teach me?"

Dr. Winslow consented, and the physician of the mind became the physician of the soul. He showed the young man from the Bible the way out of darkness into light. In three or four days his doubts were all gone, and he went back to France with his mind at rest, for he had settled the question of eternity, and where he would spend it. Have you.—Vena.

REVERIE OF A LOST SOUL.

I am nearing the gates of hell. Shadows full of phantom shapes stare at me on every side. Images of terror in the future dimly rise and beckon me on. Deeds of the past stretch out their skinny hands to push me forward. I am dying not unattended. Despair mocks me. Agony tenders to my parched lips her fiery cup. Remorse feels for my conscience and rends it, while regrets clutch at my memory.

My guilty soul is swept on the billowy blast of that everlasting storm which rains perpetual fire and brimstone in a devil's hell forever. On the black-crested waves of damnation, I lift my fruitless cries for mercy. I am sinking to rise no more. Oh, ye liquid waves of damnation! swallow me up and hide me from the needle eye of a holy God. In the bosom of this storm I sink to rise no more. Let my every memory be blotted out of earth and heaven. Farewell for ever!—Sel.

Old Medicine Bottles

Picked Up by Cadets Humphreys and Patten—den at Hamilton, Ont.

If you are down with the blues, read 27th Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read Rev. 3.

If you don't know where to look for the month's rent, read 37th Psalm.

If you feel lonesome and unprotected, read 93rd Psalm.

If the stove pipes have fallen down, and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipes, wash your hands, and read James 3.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read 1st Cor. 13.

If people pelt you with hard words, read 15th chapter of John.

If you're getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm 126 and Galatians 6, 7, 9.

If you are out of sorts, read 12th chapter Hebrews.

The Prescription.

Should you ever need any of the aforementioned remedies, they should be taken mixed with faith.

Recommended by the Great Physician.

Winnipeg, the Hub of the North-
American Continent.

Certainly no words could be more weighty in the balance of Winnipeg's favor than the following extract, called from the fraternal address to the General Conference of the Methodist Church, from the lips of the Principal of Wesley College, Winnipeg—the Rev. Joseph W. Sparling, M.A., D.D. They appear singularly appropriate at this stage of the Army's development in that great city, and therefore we take the liberty of giving them wider scope than that to which their author addressed them:—

"I come from the city of Winnipeg, which I may say is no city. It has a population of over one hundred thousand, and spent last year the immense sum of eleven million dollars in the erection of new buildings, and the outlook for the present season is for even a greater amount; though within the memory of some of the citizens the buffalo roamed at will where the city now stands. Where is this city? you say. It is as near as may be equidistant between the Atlantic and the Pacific, on the great transcontinental highway, the Canadian Pacific, and was called by the Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, the 'heart city' of the Dominion. Indeed, I might go further and call my city, —Winnipeg—the hub of the North American continent. I know it has been customary on the part of some to call Boston 'The Hub,' but a more perfect knowledge of geography is changing all that. Were you to place one arm of a compass on Winnipeg and swing the other quite around so as to describe a circle, the circumference of that circle would be found to pass through the western edge of Alaska, just a little east of Newfoundland, just south of the North Pole, and through the extreme southern part of Mexico, thus showing Winnipeg to be the pivotal point of the North American continent.

"The development of this city is without a parallel in the history of our Dominion. Indeed, as a matter of fact, it had last year the largest proportional growth of any city in either your country or ours, save Los Angeles. It stands in about the same relation to our west that Chicago does to yours. West of Winnipeg lies what, together with your grain-growing States, may be called, without extravagance of language, the granary of the world. Over ninety million bushels of the best wheat known to man was grown on our western plains last summer. And this was grown on about four million acres of land. Now, the Saskatchewan Valley alone contains about two hundred million acres, or about fifty times our total area under wheat last season. You see, there is hardly any limit to our possibilities. And the great outside world is just commencing to realize this. Our western country is just being discovered, and though it may not seem very flattering to our vanity, I must say that it is being discovered largely by Americans, who are crossing our borders like an invading army, at the rate of about fifty thousand a year. And let me say in passing, you make very good citizens, and we are glad to have you come and take possession with us of that great Saskatchewan Valley, which will yet mean as much to us as the Mississippi means to you. One of the characteristics of an American is that he knows a good thing when he sees it. We have the good thing, and so you are coming."

"We have vast areas of unbroken, virgin soil—open, healthful, productive, just awaiting the coming of man to take possession and develop its marvelous resources."

"We are profoundly impressed, however, with the fact that material resources alone will not make a people truly great, that the life of a nation, like that of an individual, consisteth not in the abundance of things that it possesseth."

Ensign

THE EASTERN

The little family issue is that of E who have recently to go to St. John's.

The Ensign has years, half of that foundland. He was of the Army at Tr he did successfully was put in jail bec Army there. Some the fine and he was was said against t At Grand Bank a r command; and mar the Kingdom. The officer in charge ha and carry on the w time. The build Roberts, and Pille by the Ensign. A miles, both in sum out-harbors, and b ice.

A great event h and Capt. Hampto flag at St. John's.

Shortly afterwar and another cours racks building co this time in Onta Ingersoll, St. Tho erected a barracks.

For the last six specially employed at Headquarters.

gaged in was at M oversight of the b new citadel. Fro were hard at it, and the citadel was the scul-saving victory.

Speaking at an Training Home, o Ensign-Freeman s glory of God, and a work well. My pa barracks, and my afterwards and get.

The children are Army. Norman is standing beside h faced little girl le knee, and Master I fellow in Mrs. Free.

We are sure eve wish them a very h of service in the E.

Two

It was a hot, sul guard paced smartl shake off the drow overcome him. Th one, and to be cau severe punishment. the camp, dark and before him a long stone walls into the the lane was bright half was hid in the (What was that mo stantly the sentry strained to catch the.

"Halt! Who go rang out over the c diers, oppressed by mosphere, came ou fresh air and also t preaching.

The challenge w the sentry's carbin round of ammunition Bang! At the si astrir. Men rushed belts, and guns, and in their eagerness.

Ensign Freeman, THE EASTERN BUILDING SPECIAL.

The little family group appearing in this issue is that of Ensign and Mrs. Freeman, who have recently farewelled from Toronto to go to St. John, N.B.

The Ensign has been an officer for eighteen years, half of that time being spent in Newfoundland. He was sent to open the work of the Army at Trinity and Tilt Cove, which he did successfully. At the former place he was put in jail because they didn't want the Army there. Some kind friend, however, paid the fine and he was let out, and nothing more was said against the Army work going on. At Grand Bank a revival broke out during his command, and many souls were brought into the Kingdom. Those were the days when the officer in charge had to build his own barracks and carry on the work of the corps at the same time. The buildings at Tilt Cove, Bay Roberts, and Pilley's Island were all put up by the Ensign. As D. O. he traveled many miles, both in summer and winter, visiting the out-harbors, and braving the storms and the ice.

A great event happened in 1896, when he and Capt. Hampton were united under the flag at St. John's.

Shortly afterwards he left Newfoundland, and another course of corps work and barracks building commenced for the Ensign, this time in Ontario. He was stationed at Ingersoll, St. Thomas, and Huntsville, and erected a barracks at St. Catharines.

For the last six years the Ensign has been specially employed on the Property Section at Headquarters. The last work he was engaged in was at Montreal, where he had the oversight of the building operations of the new citadel. From June to October they were hard at it, and during the winter months the citadel was the scene of many a glorious soul-saving victory.

Speaking at an officers' meeting at the Training Home, on the General's birthday, Ensign Freeman said, "I drive nails to the glory of God, and always endeavor to do my work well. My part in the war is to build barracks, and my brother officers come in afterwards and get souls saved in them."

The children are coming warriors for the Army. Norman is the eldest boy, and Laura is standing beside him. Beatrice is the round-faced little girl leaning against her papa's knee, and Master Harry is the bright young fellow in Mrs. Freeman's arms.

We are sure every reader of the Cry will wish them a very happy and prosperous term of service in the Eastern Province.

Two Alarms.

It was a hot, sultry night, and the sentry on guard paced smartly up and down his beat to shake off the drowsiness that threatened to overcome him. The post was an important one, and to be caught napping would mean severe punishment. Behind the sentry lay the camp, dark and silent; the men all asleep; before him a long lane wound through high stone walls into the native town. One half of the lane was bright in the moonlight, the other half was hid in the shadows of the great wall. What was that moving in the shadow? Instantly the sentry was alert, eyes and ears strained to catch the least sound or movement.

"Halt! Who goes there?" The command rang out over the camp, and many of the soldiers, oppressed by the sultriness of the atmosphere, came out of the tents for some fresh air and also to see what enemy was approaching.

The challenge was repeated, and this time the sentry's carbine clicked as he put in a round of ammunition.

Bang! At the signal the whole camp was astir. Men rushed for their boots, helmets, belts, and guns, and tumbled over one another in their eagerness to be in the fray.



Ensign and Mrs. Freeman and Family.

Meanwhile the guard had turned out and stood ready to hold their own till assistance arrived. But where was the enemy? A confused scamper was heard in the lane, and the guard poured in a volley in the direction from whence it came. Pell mell into the moonlight rushed a flock of native goats, and their plaintive "baas" filled the air as they scampered back down the lane.

The excited and somewhat disappointed troops could hardly be restrained from rushing after them, with a view to enjoying the luxury of goat soap on the morrow; but the captain of the detachment, cool as the general-ity of British officers are on such occasions, quietly turned the whole affair into a laugh. "Report the enemy defeated with great loss. Orderly, blow the retire."

There was a sound of singing in the camp next evening, and the soldiers gathered round the tent from whence it came, glad to take part in anything that relieved the monotony. A few Salvation Army Leaguers had met together to pray and praise God, and try to influence others for good, and an address was announced to be given by one brother, entitled "False Alarms."

"We must turn the incidents of everyday life to good account, comrades," one had said previous to the meeting, "and the incident of last night will serve as a groundwork upon which to base a very interesting talk."

After some singing and testimonies the speaker rose to deliver his address, and poured in hot fire upon the unconverted.

"I tell you now, lads, the devil is hard after your souls. You ought to be watching against him—on sentry go all the time. The Bible says, 'Watch and pray.' Pray without ceasing, and 'Resist the devil.' A lot of you are not doing that; you are serving him instead of fighting him, and cursing instead of praying. Some of you did watch and pray once, perhaps, but you went to sleep at your post, and the enemy got in the camp. Then some have been frightened from keeping guard over their souls by the false alarms that the devil raises. If you had only remained at your post and challenged the enemy, no doubt you would have found out that a bold stand would scatter them every time, and perhaps it would prove to be no enemy at all, but only the appearance of one. For instance, a lot of you hang back from serving Jesus Christ because the devil whispers to you, 'What will the others think of me?' Give a defiant challenge to him, and say, 'Who goes there?' Then get ready to fight, as much as to say, 'I don't care what men think, I am going to do right at all costs.' You will find that the danger you so much dreaded will not be any real danger at all, for even if others do speak evil of you, why you have the blessing of Jesus, and it will all roll off you like water does off a duck's back. He has said, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you for My name's sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.'

"Another enemy that surprises a lot of you is the suggestion from hell, 'I can't keep it if I begin.' If you sincerely trust God to perform a work of grace in your heart you will find that 'He keepeth the feet of His saints,' and He who is able to begin such a mighty work in you is surely able to continue it. These are false alarms, and I tell you all that the God I love and serve is able to deliver you from all fear of what men think and say. He is able to preserve you from falling if you hold closely to Him and don't get scared at the enemy, and He is able to break every fetter of sin that binds you, able to dispel every false thought and to light your way to heaven with the lamp of truth, to comfort you by His Spirit, and fill you to overflowing with a mighty love and joy and peace that will last all the time you live on earth, and go on, and on, and on for ever and ever."

Just then a bugle call rang out. "The general assembly at the double," shouted someone, and there was a rush for the tents.

"Battery, on your guns, double!" came the quick command, and for the remainder of the night the guns flashed and roared, while rifles cracked and spluttered, and hoarse orders were shouted out.

"I'm very glad we sounded the Gospel alarm before this took place," said one Leaguer to another during a lull in the firing.

"Yes, praise God; I believe a number of the lads will turn to God through it."

"God grant it," said the other.—S. A. Church, Capt.

A FORMER DEVIL-DANCER

Wins Fifty-Seven Heathen to Jesus.

A nice little Army hall now stands on the site of the old devil temple which was recently handed over to the Army, and demolished, at Kalvalie, South India.

"It was by no means large enough to contain the people who came to our meeting," writes Colonel Niram, who has just visited the place.

In this meeting the last four heathen families in the village were converted—seventeen persons in all. Now the whole community have come over to the Army.

In one of the corps recently opened in the Trivandrum district there is an old man, a Jemidar, who, before the Army came to the village was a devil-dancer and a notorious sinner. Since his conversion he has been the means of bringing his village to Christ. Fifty-seven soldiers converted through his instrumentality have already been enrolled.

A prospective Naval and Military Home is to be opened ere long at Sydney, Australia. That at Malta has taken up new quarters in an excellent position, quite near the Empress Theatre. At a recent meeting held there seven souls surrendered.

Women's Slum and Social Work in England, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF MRS. BOOTH.

Amongst many score of much-anticipated yearly May meetings, which take place at the spacious and far-famed Exeter Hall, London, few are more highly appreciated than that conducted by Mrs. Booth and her co-workers in connection with British Women's Social Work.

That which has just been celebrated was of exceptional interest, and exceeded the liveliest hopes in its brilliant success and usefulness. Since the amalgamation of the Slum and Rescue operations, under Mrs. Booth's efficient leadership, additional pathos, power, and scope are attached to this annual gathering. Effective living pictures were portrayed on the immense platform, constituting fine object-lessons of special features of the work, both an education and an inspiration to the thousands who thronged the hall, as auxiliaries with Mrs. Booth in her Christ-like work, by prayer, influence, and financial support.

Foremost to recognize this partnership is Mrs. Booth herself. Her eloquent addresses sandwich the fact and responsibility in some form or other.

Beside her on the platform were Commissioner Adelaide Cox, her right-hand helper in the administration of the Women's Social Work, Commissioner and Mrs. Howard, Commissioner and Mrs. Nicol, Colonel and Mrs. Hay, Colonels Eadie, Higgins, Mrs. Colonel Barker, and others, whilst the International Staff Band supplied the musical program.

Advance and Progress.

In the course of her address, Mrs. Booth outlined some of the forward steps which this aggressive work is making in Britain.

A new northern Rescue Home at South Shields has been secured and fitted up, in connection with which the following touching story of answered prayer was related by Mrs. Booth:

"A few weeks ago one of our pedlars (dear officers who take round the needlework made in the Homes) from the Newcastle Home was selling the needle work in South Shields, going from door to door with her basket. She called at some houses in a poor quarter of the town, and in one of these houses she found living in one room a little old lady, who asked her to come in, and then said, 'For many years I have been praying that Mrs. Booth might open a Home in South Shields to take in poor wandering gypsies. My heart is very tender towards them,' and she said, 'I prayed for a long time, and it did not seem as though my prayers would be answered. And then I felt that God wanted me to do something, so I began to set aside all the three-penny pieces I got to help Mrs. Booth.' The little woman then handed the pedlar seventeen shillings in three-penny pieces towards the Home in South Shields. (Applause.) The pedlar did not know at that time that the prayers of the old lady were so nearly answered. What a joy it was to be able to send her back again on a special journey to South Shields to tell the old lady that the house had been secured! I shall have the pleasure, I hope, of seeing that old lady at the opening."

An Aggression on the Enemy's Stronghold is the conversion of some large premises at Liverpool into a Women's Shelter and Metropolitan, which will be the second Social Institution in that needy city for the benefit of women.

A similar claim is pressing at Southampton, the need of which has long been felt.

A building is available for the purpose, and will no doubt be requisitioned as soon as the needs be in cash is forthcoming.

Another notable advance is the extension of an already existing Industrial Home at Norwood, wherein perhaps double the number of present inmates can be accommodated.

Two Thousand Women All the Time.

Mrs. Booth's large family of proteges now number continuously two thousand women—

no mean care or financial responsibility!

One of the forty-seven Homes in which some of these are domiciled is called "The Nest." It was well represented on this occasion by the dear children's action song, with palm-waving and harp-action accompaniment. In their bright uniform of red and white, their sweet voices and childish faces made strong appeal to paternal hearts, while their sad-sad stories of cruel wrong, former suffering and danger, some of which Mrs. Booth briefly outlined—alas! most of them are untellable—brought tears to many eyes.

About a score of genuine slum urchins, from three to twelve years of age, were marshalled on the platform before a well-filled table of currant buns and steaming hot cocoa! Thus was represented the distribution of 8,420 special meals to starving people, and the larger number of 82,427 farthing breakfasts which enabled as many hungry youngsters to face the winter day's schooling in London slums.

Discharged Women-Prisoners.

In speaking of these Mrs. Booth stated that amongst the letters she most treasured were those which reached her direct from prison cell. Part of the regular, all-the-year-round toil of one department of the Women's Social Officers is meeting the discharged prisoners. In Glasgow our officers are also permitted to visit them whilst under detention, a boon whose value has been often demonstrated in this country.

By far the most reaching and potent advance signalled at this important and interesting meeting was, however, the commissioning of

Seventy New Officers

for Slum and Rescue operations. Grouped under the flag, their consecration, with eyes closed, was profoundly impressive.

Mrs. Booth's solemn charge to them, in the name of the General, was tender, searching and thrilling, being followed by an urgent appeal for Candidates, to which a pleasing response was made.

The young officers were then given their marching orders for service in one or other of the Homes or Slum Posts.

Across the Frontier.

New York's 26th Anniversary Congress.

It is intensely difficult to condense worthily any description of so vast an event in the annals of American Salvation Army warfare as that to which the New York Cry devotes some three full pages of descriptive eloquence.

To our cousins across the border the series of four or five days, packed with marches, meetings, mighty demonstrations, councils, etc., etc., which marked their 26th National Anniversary, were crammed with blessing, inspiration and encouragement.

Commander Miss Booth was, of course, the central personality of attraction. At her right hand stood the western leader, Commissioner Kilbey, whose, to quote the Cry, "specialism lies in his intense, blood-and-fire, never-let-go, victory-securing Salvationism."

Around them gathered the whole galaxy of National Headquarters Staff, headed by Colonel Pearl, the Provincial Officers, D. O's, and other celebrities.

Says the New York Editor in his official comment: "The Congress was compelling all the way through. The welcome meeting, at which hundreds of delegates bubbled over with buoyancy of spirit; the midnight marches and meetings, with their unique and motley assemblage of human driftwood; the mass meeting under the blue sky of a balmy May afternoon; the conferences in the council chamber; and the meeting of meetings—the zenith of all things during Congress Week—

the topmost peak of Congress enthusiasm and success—at the Hippodrome on Sunday night, which, if nothing else had already done so, would cause the name of Commander Miss Booth to shine out in golden brilliancy in the spiritual world and enshrine her in the hearts alike of Salvationists and the public in general."

New York certainly received "a spiritual wake-up," and judging from the reports its twin sister-city—Brooklyn—also came in for a little of the overflow on "Congress Sunday."

Many halting-ones were brought to decision, whilst the general tone and spirit infused into the soldiery, adherents, and Christian friends who attended the meetings must have raised their spiritual thermometer several degrees, and be productive in the future of greater victories for God and the Army.

The climax was reached at the Hippodrome meeting, wherein over 1,000 Salvationists revelled in having captivated the attention of a crowd of five thousand persons for three hours, during which a torrent of salvation music and spectacular demonstration of the slum work was followed by the Commander's eloquent pleading on behalf of the poor and fallen, backed by the Western Commissioner's appeal for souls on the spot.

HOLLAND'S MAGNIFICENT SELF-DENIAL VICTORY.

The good effect of the General's recent campaign in Holland, and the growing appreciation of the Army's work by all classes of the population, is evidenced by the magnificent Self-Denial victory just achieved by our Dutch forces.

Last year's result was a record one, the total amount raised being 16,922 gulden.

This year the total is 23,944 gulden. Such a result is all the more gratifying when the special difficulties of this year's effort are considered. Recent floods caused an enormous amount of damage throughout Holland, and the relief agencies had collected all over the country on behalf of the sufferers just before Self-Denial Week was due.

AN INDIAN OFFICER

Wins the Government Diploma of Merit for His Inventive Genius.

At the Guzerat Cattle and Implement Show, held in Ahmedabad, India, the Army has been awarded a prize of fifty rupees, and a Government Diploma of Merit for two new weaving looms exhibited for the first time.

These looms are the invention of Captain Prem Das (Maxwell), who went out to India last year to assist in our industrial work.

The Industrial Schools are engaged in manufacturing these looms, thereby helping to support these institutions, and at the same time teaching the children a useful occupation.

We understand that the above-mentioned prize was the only one given, although there were a number of competitors.

THE ARMY ADVANCING IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

Kitilia, Finland, is our most recently opened corps in the Arctic regions, and is situated 180 English miles from the nearest railway station.

Although the officers have been there only a few weeks, they have already won their way into the hearts of the people, a nice hall has been secured, and as several men and women have been won for God, the establishment of a real blood-and-fire corps is only a question of time.

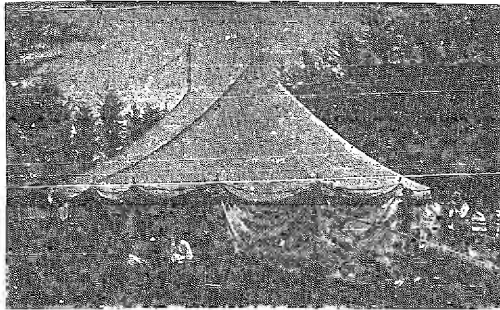
On the recent Finnish Bank Holiday Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Howard conducted a most successful musical festival in Helsingfors, the capital. On that occasion some of the Colonel's songs were accompanied by the harp, an instrument which was quite new in Finland, and greatly charmed the audience.

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Boula Park S. A. Relief Camp.

San Francisco As I Saw It.

By Commissioner Kilbey.

Though all readers of the War Cry are no doubt familiar with the details of the terrible calamity which shook the beautiful city of San Francisco to its very foundations, toppled over many of its finest buildings; crushing out the lives of their unfortunate occupants, burning up the fallen ruins, and turning to ashes three-quarters of the city, yet perhaps accompanying the photographs which Brigadier Pebbles took while with me on the ground, a little of one's own impressions will not be out of place.

It was a providential arrangement that at the moment the earthquake occurred, Colonel Miles, Brigadier Pebbles and myself were on our way to San Francisco, and almost two days out of Chicago.

When the first information reached us on the train of the terrible catastrophe, there were many fellow-passengers whose families and loved ones were in the doomed city, and my heart went out in pity for them as the agony of suspense stretched out over hours and days.

How glad we were, upon arriving at Oakland, Cal., to find that although every board of our buildings was burned, every stick of furniture gone, all the clothing and personal effects of our officers, except what they had on, gone up in smoke, yet, praise God, all our people were safe. Some had escaped in their night-clothes, and had secured one article here and another there, and thus fixed up with odds and ends, thought no more of themselves but devoted heart and strength to the stupendous task of relieving the thousands of homeless and famishing refugees.

Colonel and Mrs. French had risen to the occasion, and with their officers and soldiers, rapidly prepared to receive and feed as large a number of refugees as possible. The crowds began early pouring across the bay in ferries

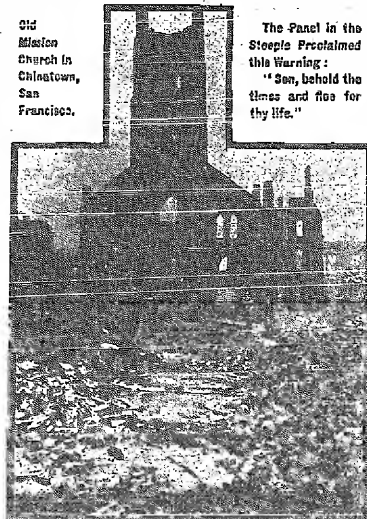
charred ruins, bricks, and debris, appalling in the extreme. All that was left of the beautiful city was great heaps which were like so many gigantic caldrons, everything being bathed with fire. Here and there charred bodies were lying in the ruins or on the streets.

On every hand we were shown the greatest courtesy and respect. "You are the people we want at a time like this," and similar expressions were heard everywhere. While the soldiers were stopping the people at the guard lines, the sight of our uniform brought forth, "Salvation Army? Pass on."

Men and women of prayer were valued as never before. The haughty and proud mingled with the poorest of the poor. Many ladies, rich two days before, were pulling their trunks along with a rope, and rich men trundled their belongings in a wheel-barrow.

One was reminded of the last great day, when all shall stand before the Great White Throne, and be judged, not by standards of wealth, fame, social standing, or education, but by worth of character, of heart and soul. Millionaires on earth will be paupers there, and paupers millionaires.

Old Mission Church in Chinatown, San Francisco.



The Panel in the Steeple Proclaimed this Warning: "See, behold the times and flee for thy life."

One of the San Francisco corps resumed its ordinary operations by holding meetings in the parks. At one of these twelve precious souls knelt at the drumhead seeking salvation.

Army Progress.

The Salvation Army in Sweden now publishes a neat illustrated weekly magazine of twelve pages devoted to the interests of the Slum, Rescue, and Social operations in that country. The barometer of sales reports a circulation of over 15,000 for the first issue, which certainly looks as though it were likely to meet a felt need.

The Army press is continually widening its range and influence. "Golden Links," is the title of an eight-page monthly publication now issued by Commissioner Kilbey, of Chicago. This claims to be "a record of

the religious, philanthropic, and charitable work of the Salvation Army."

As an instance of the value of Army literature, the following incident, culled from Golden Links, ought to encourage boomers and League of Mercy warriors in their tireless efforts to spread broadcast the War Cry, and other Army periodicals:

"Some time ago two members of our Territorial Staff were stationed in Stroudsburg, Pa., and while there were constant visitors to the country jail. Among the prisoners they found a poor fellow who was awaiting his trial, and who was afterwards sentenced to a five-year term in the eastern penitentiary.

Imagine their surprise and pleasure when in the pages of the War Cry they found the following letter:

An Open Letter to the War Cry.

To the Editor Salvation Army War Cry.

"Dear Friend,—Please excuse my liberty in addressing you. I must thank the Army for the happy hours bestowed upon me last May while I was in jail awaiting trial. One of your Captains visited me, and after I received my sentence she promised she would send me the War Cry every week, which she has done. As she did not give me her name I cannot send her a personal letter of thanks, so will just ask the War Cry to please thank the Captain who was stationed at Stroudsburg, Pa., during the month of May, 1900, for me. Please thank her for her great kindness to a poor convict, for I cherish the War Cry. It is a companion to me, and the joy which I receive through the blessed pages I cannot explain. It brought me light when all was darkness; joy and peace when all was misery, and taught me how to put away my sin and live for my blessed Saviour. God bless the Captain and the War Cry and the Salvation Army! Please accept my heartfelt thanks and best wishes. Yours in gratitude, Joseph Burch, Penitentiary, Pa."

No. B614.

Commissioner Higgins expressed his great hopefulness for the future of the Army in South Africa, where he has completed a six-months' tour of inspection into all sides and colors of the work, native and colonial. His visits have been of much cheer and blessing to the Army in these localities, as was freely testified at his farewell meetings.

Australasia raised \$144,175 during their Self-Denial campaign, which was an increase of \$10,000 over the preceding year's total.

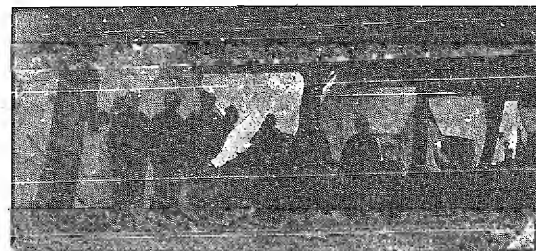
GERMAN GUARDIANS' GOOD SENSE.

Commissioner Oliphant was booked to visit a German town of 70,000 inhabitants. The field officer in charge desired to make the very most of her opportunity. She invited all the members of the Town Council and Guardians of the Poor to attend a conference to hear the Commissioner unfold the marvelous work of our Social operations.

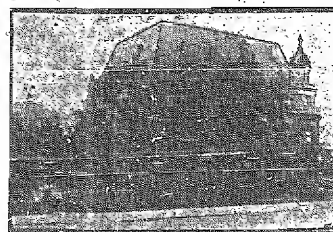
The invitation was well responded to, and the following most practical outcome proved their appreciation of the address. The following day the President of the Guardians made this statement to Commissioner Oliphant:

"Up to now we have spent a great deal of money on helping the necessitous of our town, with but small appreciable result. We have, therefore, decided to place a house at the disposal of the Salvation Army, of which we will take the financial responsibility, if you will consent to send officers to direct the operations."

The Commissioner promised to consider it, and very shortly a Night Shelter and an Industrial Institution, under Salvation Army auspices, will be opened in that place.



Camp of Chinese.



The Hotel Three Million Dollar Residence of 'Frisco's Sugar King, A. F. or the Earthquake.

into Oakland, and within three hours after the earthquake our Oakland citadel was filled and a relief camp opened at Boula Park, which also was soon filled. Our Chinese corps had made the Army so well known in Chinatown that it was necessary to establish a special Chinese camp to accommodate the large number of celestials applying for relief.

An adequate description of the ruins, 1,400 acres in extent, is beyond our power to give. We walked for miles through a wilderness of



DISCOVERER OF RADIUM RUN OVER BY A WAGON IN PARIS.

Professor Curie, the discoverer of radium, was run over and killed by a wagon in Paris recently.

The late Prof. Curie was a unique figure in the scientific world of to-day. Disdaining pecuniary advantages, for years he kept steadfastly at his work with one object in view, determined that the honor of discovering radium should come to France, and that it should be won by a Frenchman. Honors were proffered him by various foreign universities, when, after struggles against poverty and adverse conditions such as few men of science labor under today, he had achieved a certain fame by his scientific researches, but he declined them all. Instead, he kept on in his ill-smelling little laboratory at the School of Physics and Industrial Chemistry in Paris, where he held a professional chair. He had the good fortune to be possessed of a wife who was as keen and as ardent a scientist as himself, and these two worked together with a singleness of aim and purpose wholly admirable, and not without its particular pathos. They had struggled against poverty for many years before they attained the position of, for them, comparative affluence which the chair at the Paris school afforded. Once established there, they recommenced their researches with redoubled vigor. They had to work under conditions nothing short of deplorable. There was only one small, inconvenient room, dark, smoky, low, damp, and cold, with hardly any of the apparatus requisite for the carrying out of delicate experiments, no means of furnishing electric energy or high tempered heat, and many other inconveniences almost incomprehensible. Despite these untoward conditions, they were not disheartened, and eventually success was theirs. They had turned their attention to pitch-blende, a mineral which consists largely of oxides of uranium. They dissolved a quantity of pitch-blende in acids of the most ordinary and elementary chemical methods, and then separated the various elements containing different elements. Then they observed which of these portions possessed radio-activity by measuring the conducting power of the air in the neighborhood of the material under investigation. By such experiments, carried out with the greatest possible patience and endurance, under conditions that would have driven a sane and determined and less devoted students of science mad, Curie and his wife gradually concentrated in a tiny substance into small portions. They found then that they had radium and barium in combination, and the separation of the two was the most difficult task of all. Still they labored on, and eventually this difficulty also was overcome by fractional crystallization and fractional precipitation. In 1902 Madame Curie announced to the world that she more great secret had been wrested from science, and that radium had been discovered and obtained as pure radium chloride. High honors followed. The Nobel prize was awarded to the successful and devoted couple, and kings and crowned heads vied with each other in honoring two such, heroic devotees of scientific research. Prof. Curie has, unfortunately, lived all too briefly to enjoy his well-earned honors, in all of which, it should be borne in mind, his clever and devoted wife shared.

SCIENCE ADDS HER TESTIMONY.

In John xix. 34, we are told that one of the soldiers pierced the side of Jesus with a spear, and there came out immediately "blood and water." The reason of this we are not told. In fact, the writer could not have known the reason, there was no man on earth at the time who had sufficient knowledge of physiology to have known the reason. It was only centuries afterwards that the physiological reason was discovered.

The distinguished medical professor, Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh University, the discoverer of chloroform, shows in an able treatise the scientific reason why Jesus Christ, in scientific language, died from "extravasation of the blood," or, in popular language, a "broken heart." When anyone dies this way, the arms are thrown out, there is a loud cry, and the blood rushes into the pericardium and prevents the heart from beating; it then separates into serum (water) and clot (blood). This is just what happened. Jesus had His arms extended on the cross. He uttered a loud cry: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" and when the soldier pierced the bag (pericardium), the blood and water flowed out.

This is the scientific explanation of the recorded fact, but John did not know the explanation. No one living knew it. No one knew it for centuries afterwards. The artlessness and naturalness and self-evident truthfulness of the whole narrative, down to the minutest detail, surpasses all the possibilities of

A LOST GOSPEL.

Interesting Fragment of Vellum Found in the Ruins of Ancient Oxyrhynchus.

New York, May 15.—A cubic despatch from London to the Sun says: Doctors Grenfell and Hart, during continued research of the ruins of Oxyrhynchus, whose ancient monasteries some years ago yielded the famous Logia of Christ, found a fragment of a supposed lost Gospel, which is now in Queen's College, Oxford. It is a tiny scrap of vellum, perforated by worms and yellowed by sixteen centuries, but the writing is perfectly legible. It is written in Greek characters, which are almost microscopically minute, with scarlet initials. There are about 300 words.

It is certainly no part of any extant Gospel, but its theological value must be left to theologians. It is unusually well written from a literary view point. It begins in the middle of a speech. Jesus and His disciples have entered the temple and met a Pharisee, who rebukes them for omitting some ceremonial of ablution. Jesus asks the Pharisee what the latter has done to comply with the ceremonial. The Pharisee's reply minutely describes the process of purification, of which no previous authority has given the details.

Then follows a powerful, eloquent denunciation by Jesus of mere outward purification. He says that He and His disciples have been purified by the waters of life. There is also a mention of a hitherto unknown part of the temple called Hegnouteion, or place of purification.

Theological circles are greatly interested in the discovery, which promises a sensation equal to that created by the Logia of Christ.

DEEP BREATHING.

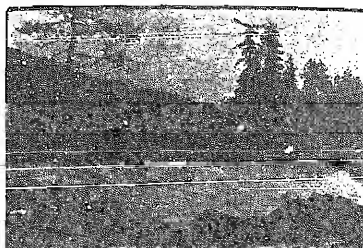
Dr. G. Norman Macachen, in his lecture at the Institute of Hygiene, recently made some interesting remarks on this subject:

"Deep breathing," said the lecturer, "if persistently practiced, in season and out of season, in the street and at the office, for a few minutes at a time, would soon bring the roses back to the faded cheeks, and dissipate the sallow complexion. Lung diseases, especially the dreaded scourge of consumption, would become less prevalent if people would carry out this simple exercise, which is merely an imitation of nature's methods with primitive man, who, in running and leaping, unconfined by clothing, develops excellent lung capacity, and uses it to the full."

Well, we can all breathe deeply if we would try. The pity is that we are so far in every way from nature's method with primitive man!



Part of Sydney, O.B., Corps, with their Commanding Officers, Ensign and Mr. Tricker.



The Kootenay River, Near Nelson.

DO THE HARD THING FIRST.

Suspended above the desk of a Philadelphia book President is this motto: "Do the hard thing first." Ten years ago he was discount clerk in this same bank.

"How did you climb so fast?" I asked.

"I lived up to that text," he replied.

"Tell me about it."

"There is not much to tell. I had long been conscious that I had not been getting on as fast as I should. I was not keeping up with my work. It was distasteful to me. When I opened my desk in the morning and found it covered with reminders of work to be done during the day, I became discouraged. There were always plenty of comparatively easy things to do, and these I did first, putting off the disagreeable duties as long as possible. Result: I became intellectually lazy. I felt an increasing incapacity for my work. One morning I woke up. I took stock of myself to find out the trouble. Memoranda of several matters that had long needed attention stared at me from my calendar.

"Suddenly the thought came to me, 'I have been doing only the easy things. By postponing the disagreeable tasks, the mean annoying little things, my mental muscles have been allowed to grow flabby. They must get some exercise.' I took off my coat and proceeded to 'clean house.' It wasn't half as hard as I expected. Then I took a card and wrote on it: 'Do the hard thing first,' and put it where I could see it every morning. I've been doing the hard thing first ever since."

COAL WASTAGE.

Mr. Thomas Edison, it is stated, is studying the problem of controlling the energy wasted from coal. Winter will then have no terrors for the desperately poor, for a ton of coal will, when the discovery is made, amply suffice to heat a small house throughout the winter.

Mr. Edison says: "When a means is devised for saving this enormous waste, all methods of producing power will be revolutionized and vastly cheapened at the same time."

"By means of this discovery an ocean liner of, say, twenty thousand horse power, will be able to cross the Atlantic in three days and with an expenditure of one-tenth the amount of coal now consumed during a voyage. It will enable an engine to draw an express train from New York to Philadelphia on a bushel consumption of coal at most. Yes, it can be done; in fact, some of the details are already mastered."

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There is no seven weeks Calvary, Pentecost Spirit descending upon and with the consummation had promised they looked to by the many d which in rapt God's intention

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To Moses' s murmured ag moment when make uninsta religion, to wh unalterable st with His own most atrocious en ere yet God

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The Descent of Power.

By Staff-Captain Nettie Simco.

There is no coincidence in the fact that seven weeks after the atoning sacrifice of Calvary, Pentecost took place, and the Holy Spirit descended in mighty irresistible power upon and within every willing heart. It was the consummation of the new covenant God had promised to make with His people. How they looked forward to it we can best judge by the many thrilling, out-spoken prophecies, which in rapturous terms boldly announced God's intention and purpose.

The first covenant brought redemption to the obedient Israelite—the slain pascal lamb, with its blood upon the lintel and door-posts—spoke eloquently of his faith and obedience, and the destroying angel, passed over the worshipping household with grateful heart. Never could the Jewish nation forget that great deliverance, although they utterly failed to recognize of what it was the precious symbol.

Starting from Egypt, they set out on a life at new terms with God. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night directed their marchings and their halts. In a new and real sense God was revealing Himself as the Guide of His people. Yet they little understood how infinitely precious the possibilities of that holy companionship. Slow of heart and stiff-necked He found them invariably.

To Moses' sorrow and disappointment they murmured again and again, and just at the moment when God designed graciously to make unmistakably clear the code of life, and religion, to which He called them, writing His unalterable standard on the tables of stone with His own finger, their sin assumed its most atrocious enormity. The law was broken ere yet God's ink had dried.

The Covenant Renewed.

Perhaps no single circumstance reveals

God's infinite long-suffering, and faith for erring humanity more vividly than the fact that He called Moses up the mount for a second time, charged to prepare yet similar tables of stone again, that He might renew the covenant with His people and give them another trial. Moses' rehearsal in the ears of all Israel of those wonderful events (recorded in Deut. ix. and x.) show at the same time the power of a holy man's intercession and pleadings, and the mighty heart of love and forgiveness in the eternal Father.

How for centuries His people failed to keep His covenant the greater part of the Old Testament graphically describes. "Will He not cast them off? Will He not disinherit them? Will He not wipe out their remembrance or punish with swift and utter destruction the whole race? If His ways were as man's ways, and His thoughts as man's thoughts, such must have been the case. But, praise God,

Illimitable Grace Proposes a Better Covenant, no longer to be written on tables of stone, which represent indeed the stony heart of rebellion and unbelief, but "I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes," was His gracious promise renewed again and again by the lips of faithful prophets.

Pentecost is the fulfilment of that purpose. As the covenant at Sinai took place seven weeks after the Passover, so did the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the waiting, praying, believing band at Jerusalem seven weeks after Calvary's sacrifice—in God's completed perfect time—seven-times-seven days after the Lamb of God was slain.

"He (the Spirit) dwelleth with you," said Jesus to the disciples, "and He shall be in you." "It is expedient that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."

How the words, so clearly fulfilled, should enable us to understand the completion of God's purpose towards His children. At no time more suitable than the commemorative

anniversary of the Spirit's incoming to the little church, should the blessed possibility be recognized in your life and mine. He is looking to-day for open hearts into which He may enter. He is eagerly searching out humble, contrite people, upon whom His power may descend, who will gratefully accept Him and keep His covenant, walking with Him every day. "To this man will I look," He says, "who trembles at My word." His heart and His life shall be God's throne and abiding place.

There is much praying for power in our ranks to-day. Much asking and beseeching for baptisms of the Holy Ghost. God is willing enough! To the man, woman, and even the child, who will throw down every barrier of disobedience and unbelief, His Spirit will enter with power, and "greater works" must follow. It shall indeed be summertime in their experience.

The General Secretary and Mrs. Gaskin at Brantford.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin visited Brantford Saturday and Sunday, and had glorious times. A reception at the station and a grand openair preceded the Saturday night meeting. The citadel was filled, and one soul sought mercy.

Sunday, all day, record meetings were held. The Holy Ghost fell upon the large audiences. Seven souls knelt at the mercy seat in the morning, some for pardon and some for purity, while at the close of a powerful meeting at night four sinners wept their way to the cross.

The open-air meeting was the largest attended for many years past. The corps is in splendid spirits. The junior work is well on the up-grade. Adjts. and Mrs. Kendall are doing fine. God is honoring their labors.

A most pressing invitation was given for Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin to return at an early date. Brigadier Hargrave assisted in the meetings.



THE ASCENSION.

WAR CRY

PRINTED for Thomas R. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 24 Albert Street, Toronto.

All correspondence to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, freedom about it, of matters referring to subscriptions, deposits and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Tropic, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas R. Coombs.

Winnipeg's Triumph. It is a good sign when Christians awake to their responsibilities towards the fallen, and are willing to launch out worthily into large measures for their rescue and salvation. Winnipeg has long had a thriving and prosperous Rescue Home, wherein many daughters of the west have found salvation, and been re-started in a noble, useful life. To-day's War Cry, however, describes Winnipeg's triumph in the opening of Grace Hospital, which, by expert judges, is pronounced the finest acquisition in this line of work known in Salvation Army fields. The rising western city may well be congratulated, but we are duty-bound to extend our felicitations to those workers behind the scenes, by dint of whose constant toil and energy such success has been made possible, and with them we must include our beloved leader, Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, whose presence and counsel at the opening will long be cherished as a precious memory. Could it have been more singularly appropriate that she, to whose motherly heart was given the privilege of initiation in Canada of the first tiny "Drunkards' Home" cottage—wherein many souls sought salvation—should now have the satisfaction of unlocking the doors of the spacious edifice destined to receive by their hundreds broken-hearted and blighted lives, and restore to them in the name of Christ pardon, cleansing, and heaven?

Canada's Danger. Some of our dailies have been doing good service in directing public attention to the growing evils whose weapons the enemy of righteousness is forging strong and fast against our citizens.

From the Toronto Globe we cull the following poignant paragraph:

"The cardinal evil in work on every hand, in Canada as in the United States, is the cancer of unscrupulous and dishonest commercialism, the brazen disregard of the essential principles of honor and truth in large sections of business life, and by men who seem to be pillars of the social fabric. So widespread is this evil, so general is the decadence of fundamental morality, that the most glaring instance of business dishonesty, involving lying and theft and perjury, passes almost without comment and often without punishment."

The remedy suggested is not alone punitive justice, but training in character, at home, in the school, the church, and by public press. This is all very needful. But we would go further and deeper yet. Nothing short of a radical change of heart will turn unrighteous men into honest, God-fearing, and neighbor-loving members of society.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Nay, verily! But the grace of God can produce the miracle. Sins of men, ingrained in the very character, can be purged away by the precious blood of Jesus, and selfish motives will disappear altogether."

Conversion is what men need to-day, and it is the primary work of every Salvation Army officer, soldier, and recruit to insist upon that fact, and show men how alone it can be operated.

The Chief Secretary's Notes.

Colonel Hay arrived in Toronto with the Commissioner on Tuesday morning last, at 8 o'clock. At 10 o'clock he was at the Training College delivering a lecture to the Cadets. He took in Toronto in the afternoon, and Niagara Falls at night, arriving in Toronto again on Wednesday. On Thursday he took part in the meetings at Victoria Park. The Commissioner also introduced him to the Headquarters Staff at one of the knee-drills. The Colonel is a bright, happy, and capable Scotsman, who soon makes himself at home with all and sundry.

Staff-Capt. Goodwin is farewelling from the Training College, and at her own request returning to field work. She goes to Windsor, West Ontario, following Adj. Sims, who is appointed to Kingston. Staff-Capt. Goodwin is one of the oldest women-officers in Canada, and has given good service for many years. The Windsor corps is fortunate in securing the Staff-Captain as their field officer, and I have no doubt we will hear some good, bright news from that quarter at no distant date. The Staff-Captain had a farewell with the Cadets last week.



Dr. Watson, Toronto.

One of the many eminent medical men who render service to the Rescue Work in this country.

The name of the new officer for the women's side of the Training College cannot be given this week. It will no doubt cause some conjectures. There is no question that the opportunity offered to mould the lives and characters of future officers is a great one.

A successful operation has been performed on Capt. Woods, who was reported as suffering from cancer. She entered the Western Hospital, Toronto, and the physicians report that there is every prospect of a complete recovery. This is good news, and all who know the Captain will rejoice. Will comrades please pray that God will sustain and bless our dear comrade in the lonely hours of her sickness and retirement from the front of the battle, and restore her to the war at an early date.

We were all pleased to see Major Creighton back in Toronto last week, after his stay in the Northwest. He was looking tanned with the sun, and in splendid condition after his few weeks on colonization business. He is full of enthusiasm as to the great prospects there are in the Northwest.

We were also pleased to see Adj. and Mrs. Williams and their daughter, from St. John's, Nfld. The Adjutant recently had a turn of sickness, a complication of several ailments. He lost his voice, and was generally placed hors de combat. He has reached Toronto on full recovery, and no doubt the lovely climate of this city will soon brace him up and make him ready for the front again. The Adjutant and his wife are veteran workers, and have

no reserves. Torontonians will be glad to see them and give them a warm welcome back to Ontario.

Several other Canadians have visited Headquarters this week. Lieut.-Colonel Scott, all the way from Kansas, who is in charge of that Province, and Brigadier Cousins, in charge of the Northwest Province. They were both on the return journey from New York, where they had been enjoying the recent Territorial councils in that city. Our comrades from the U. S. A. are very American, but when they get among Canadians, old remembrances and the kind of home-like feeling cause them to feel very much at home on this side of the line. It is a great pleasure for us to meet officers from the United States in Toronto.

Accompanied by Mrs. Kyle, we had a good day at Dovercourt last Sunday. The corps is certainly on the up-grade, and gives evidence of becoming a prominent corps in Toronto. The band played very well, and fought to the finish. Staff-Capt. Miller and Attwell, with Mrs. Miller, Capt. Mardell and Debew, took part, and gave very valuable assistance.

I regret to hear from Brigadier Turner that Captain Patterson, who entered the hospital suffering from appendicitis, has not yet recovered. I am sure I only need to ask our comrades throughout the Territory to pray for her. It is a great comfort when sick to know that many are praying for the divine interposition on our behalf.

Brigadier Smeeton is very busy in his new Western Province. He has visited Glen Vowell, our Indian Settlement, and sends long reports of the work being done. He speaks very highly of the village, and the labor of Adj. and Mrs. Thorkildson. There are some weaknesses in connection with the work, as there is with missionary work everywhere. The Brigadier has a great Province to cover, and it will necessitate incessant traveling, but by the Brigadier's activity up to the present, it is evident that he does not mean to "let the grass grow under his feet." The Western Province has a great future.

Army properties in the future will have special consideration. It is the intention to appoint capable officers, entitled Building Specialists, over various Provinces, to do repairs, and care for the buildings, to work under the direction of the Provincial Officers. Ensign Freeman has been appointed to the Eastern Province. He left for St. John last week.

Arrival of the Kensington.

A Third Shipment of Immigrants Under S. A. Auspices.

The Kensington, with about 1,200 immigrants on board, arrived at Rimouski on Saturday, the 15th.

The Commissioner, accompanied by the Immigration Secretary and Brigadier Parker, of National Headquarters, New York, at once set off in the pilot's boat, and boarded her amidst shouts of welcome from those who crowded her decks.

The Commissioner was introduced to the third-class passengers shortly afterwards, and gave them a good talk. At 8.30 the same night he addressed the second class people on "Canada—its Methods and Customs."

The whole party was in charge of Colonel Hay, of the I. H. O., the Canadian officers assisting him being Staff-Capt. Creighton and Adj. Jennings.

The whole of the immigrants were distributed from Quebec and Montreal the day after landing.

EDITOR'S NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We shall be glad to receive incidents relative to open-air warfare, our Army bands and bandmen, and special trophies of conversion in corps work from all parts of the Dominion. Write on one side of the paper only.

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Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in the West.

TWO GREAT GATHERINGS IN THE DOMINION THEATRE—THE COMMISSIONER ADDRESSES THE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION—IMMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION MEETING IN THE Y.M.C.A. HALL—THE ATTORNEY GENERAL AND OTHER GOVERNMENT AND INFLUENTIAL PUBLIC GENTLEMEN EULOGIZE THE GREAT WORK THE ARMY IS DOING—OPENING OF GRACE HOSPITAL BY MRS. COOMBS—OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCILS—FLOODTIDES OF BLESSING—FORTY FOR PARDON AND CONSECRATION.

The Commissioner had a very full program mapped out for himself, as he always has, for he is a hustler, and no mistake. Eight meetings, inspections of properties, important interviews with high officials and prominent public gentlemen, were items on the list, and last, but not least, the opening of the new Grace Hospital. The journey was a delightful one, although our train was several hours late. Brigadier Burditt and his brave staff were on hand to welcome their much-loved leaders, and on our arrival at the Brigadier's home we found Mrs. Burditt all radiant with smiles.

Winnipeg can now boast of about 100,000 souls. Large, solid buildings are going up in all directions. The Commissioner contrasted the city now with what it was when he first visited it, nearly twenty years ago.

The Soldiers' Gathering.

The care and welfare of his soldiers occupy a great deal of the Commissioner's thoughts. The first meeting was to be with "his own" people. What a welcome was accorded him as he stepped on to the platform with Mrs. Coombs. A very precious time followed. Out of his very heart, like a Father in Israel, he talked. A number came forward to offer themselves for any kind of service.

The Procession.

The soldiers' assembly, was followed by a huge illuminated procession through the crowded thoroughfares. At the City Hall a halt was made, and the Commissioner addressed the vast concourse of people who had gathered.

Sunday's Meetings.

The Holy Spirit was made manifest in the holiness meeting, which was held in the citadel. A magnificent crowd of soldiers and friends gathered. When the pool was opened—as in the previous meeting—several came forward for consecration and cleansing.

In the afternoon the Commissioner addressed a very influential gathering in the Dominion Theatre, the largest and most up-to-date building of its kind in the city. The Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D., better known perhaps as "Ralph Connor," the author of "The Man of Glen Gary," and other like publications, occupied the chair. The reverend gentleman, who has shown himself greatly interested in the Women's Social Work, said he liked the Army and the guernsey. The Army dealt with man as a man.

The Hon. Colin Campbell, the Attorney General, said the Army had had its difficulties, but these had been overcome by the grand and noble work it had accomplished. He considered the British Empire owed a great deal to the movement. He hoped before long to place in the Army's charge the prison reform work of the Province.

Sampson Walker, M.P.P. paid a glowing tribute to the work the movement in Canada is doing, emphasizing especially the spirit in which it was performed.

At night the large Theatre was packed. The Commissioner chose as his text the small word, "Sin." With graphic force he illustrated the sinful weaknesses of the people. A well-fought prayer meeting followed, with the result that men and women came from all over the building to the mercy seat. The majority of the seekers were men, and are reported to be excellent cases.

This was the anniversary of the Commissioner's first arrival in Canada, it being twenty-five years ago to the very day.

Ministerial Association.

On the Monday afternoon the Commissioner banqueted with and addressed the Ministerial Association of the city. There was a splendid attendance.

Immigration and Colonization.

In referring to this important gathering we quote the following from one of the papers:

WILL BRING OUT FIFTY THOUSAND.

The Salvation Army to do Big Work Next Year—Commissioner Coombs Delivers Spirited Address on Immigration and Colonization Work.

"Wise and careful selection,
"Kind and considerate transportation,
"Kindly reception and wise distribution."
"These are the three principles which underlie the immigration and colonization work of the Salvation Army," said Commissioner Coombs in his address last night at the Y.M.C.A. The chair was occupied by J. H. Ashdown, who has been a splendid Army friend from the beginning, and with him on the platform were J. Obed Smith, Dominion Immigration Commissioner, Prof. W. F. Osborne, and Venerable Archdeacon Fortin.

Value of Kind Treatment.

The Commissioner emphasized the necessity of considerate treatment of immigrants. They were leaving the home land to enter a strange country. The voyage was often rough and distressing. Their first experience, without adequate advice and assistance, were disheartening. Their existence was sometimes very dreary. But with men to accompany them on the trip, to advise them about the country and to cheer them up, the whole order of things was reversed. This was what the Salvation Army aimed to do. He embellished his address with personal experiences of an interesting character.

12,000 Will Come.

Twelve thousand immigrants from the Old Land would be brought to Canada by the Army this year. Next year handling 50,000 was being talked of. The future movement promised to be one of the greatest immigration schemes that the world had ever witnessed. About one immigrant in twenty brought out by the Army was a member of it. There was a strong demand for servant girls which could not be filled. In Montreal alone he could place 5,000, and as many more in the west.

Growth of the Army.

Forty years ago the Army consisted of one man, now it numbered millions among its hosts, and had an annual income of more than \$10,000,000. It supports 18,000 officers, preaches the Gospel in fifty-two countries, thirty-eight languages, and has more than 5,000 corps. He had no fear for its future.

A vote of thanks was moved by Archdeacon Fortin, and ably seconded by Prof. W. F. Osborne. Both expressed themselves to be in hearty sympathy with the work. Mr. Smith also spoke briefly. He urged the Army to continue its sympathetic assistance in cheering up the new arrivals.

Officers' Tea and Council.

Thirty officers gathered together in Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs' (the P. O's of No. 1.) spacious dining-room. The time spent together was most refreshing and inspiring. Mrs. Commissioner Coombs spoke very tenderly and motherly to her dear officers. Before she had finished a number of eyes were moist. "Oh, let us be faithful," she said; "we've started for the heavenly port, shall we reach it?" The Commissioner also gave timely advice.

The last public gathering was the opening of the Grace Hospital, of which we give here-with the report from the Telegram, issue of 10.5.06:—

BRILLIANT OPENING OF GRACE HOSPITAL.

Commissioner Coombs, an Alderman, and a Magistrate Participate—One Thousand Persons Inspect the Building.

"With its outline pictured forth in the light from hundreds of electric bulbs, the splendid

\$40,000 structure known as Grace Hospital was the scenic attraction in St. James last night. Fully 1,000 people attended the formal opening, in which Commissioner Coombs, commander of the Salvation Army in Canada, Mrs. Coombs, Ald. Latimer, Hon. T. M. Daly, K.C., and Brigadier Burditt participated. For an hour before the platform exercises on the balcony commenced the Army band entertained the arriving crowds, and after the formal program was over the building was thrown open, and for the next hour was thronged with visitors. Extra cars were running on St. James line all the evening.

Meritorious Work.

"Commissioner Coombs, who came specially from Toronto for this function, in an eloquent address, told how the work of the Salvation Army in Canada for women sprang from the setting apart of a mean little house in Toronto twenty years ago, in which two or three women were given homes as an experiment. Now there are nine Salvation Army hospitals in Canada, of which the one in Winnipeg is the finest. He gave many facts regarding the Rescue Work of the Army, on the value of which he based an eloquent appeal for funds. This institution, he said, would be used as a maternity hospital, as a Rescue Home for fallen women and erring girls, as a hospital for sick women and children, and for the women of the foreign element. In conclusion, he thanked the provincial and civic authorities, private benefactors, and the public for their aid in building the institution.

Ald. Latimer, who represented the city in the absence of Mayor Sharpe, congratulated the Army on its magnificent institution, and promised that at an early date good walks and streets should be constructed in the vicinity.

"Mr. Daly made a speech which invoked continuous applause. He declared that no work exceeded in nobleness of purpose and in the importance of its actual results the Rescue Work of the Army, and stated that he had denied himself a function of considerable honor in order to be present. Many an erring girl had been turned over to the Salvation Army, with the result that a woman was saved. No grant ever given by the Provincial Government had made the returns that the grant it had given to the Rescue Work of the Salvation Army had made, and the same was to be said of the civic grant. He hoped for every blessing upon Grace Hospital. (Applause.)

Building Opened.

"Brigadier Burditt, Provincial Commander, then handed Mrs. Coombs the key to the building, together with a duplicate key as a memento of the occasion, and Mrs. Coombs formally opened the building.

"For the next hour the visitors swarmed over the splendid building, Salvation soldiers being in every room, ward, and corridor to give information. Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Pugmire personally conducted a distinguished party over the building, including Mr. Daly, Ald. Latimer, Rev. Dr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Gordon, Dr. J. Halpenny, Dr. C. E. Sugden, Rev. J. W. McMillan, Prof. Osborne, and others.

"The hospital is a brick structure, three stories high, exclusive of basement and gables, and with furnishings has cost fully \$50,000. The basement contains the laundry, furnaces, dry room, and hot water tanks. On the first floor are the work-room, girls' and

women's sitting-rooms, officers' sitting-room, officers' dining-room, reception room, women's dining-room, and kitchen. The second floor contains two large general wards, some smaller wards, the operating room, the children's day and night nurseries, and officers' rooms. On the top floor are two big rescue wards, two large women's dormitories, and a ward for special cases. The hospital altogether can accommodate at one time 120 to 130 women and girls. Every convenience is at hand, and many not often seen. Every cot has a chest standing beside it for the use of the occupant, a soiled clothes shaft runs the height of the building, and the floors and walls meet at right angles, but with a curved finish that makes it practically impossible for dust to accumulate in even minute quantities. A. Woodward was the contractor, and W. Woodman the architect.

Many Benefactors.

The following persons and firms assisted in furnishing the building: Masonic Order, large ward; Mrs. R. J. Whittle, large ward; Mrs. John Leslie, small ward; Hon. R. P. Roblin, small ward; Corps No. 1 (Citadel), children's nurseries; Mrs. A. D. McArthur, reception room; Dr. Sugden and friends, sick room; Hon. Robert Rogers, matron's room; Scott Furniture Company, officers' dining-room; T. Eaton Company Employees, officers' sitting-room; Messrs. McDonald & Fleming, furniture.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and Colonel Pugmire left for the east early this morning, the two latter for Toronto, while the

Commissioner will go on to Rimouski, Que., to meet the latest party on the steamship Kensington.

NOTES.

It was the writer's privilege to conduct a service in the Winnipeg Provincial Jail, where there are seventy prisoners. Several raised their hands to be prayed for. I also visited Stony Mountain Penitentiary, and was most kindly received by Warden Irvine. A number of convicts were interviewed, and arrangements made for their future welfare.

We were reinforced by Major Creighton, who was returning from inspecting lands for colonization purposes in the West. He made himself useful in the meetings.

We were delighted to meet with our old Chancellors, Brigadier and Mrs. Burditt, and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor. They have labored hard for the completion of the hospital, and great credit is due to Adj. Alward for his untiring zeal in connection with the above.

We noticed a decided improvement in the Winnipeg I. band. They number thirty-two. The silver instruments which were recently presented to them by Rev. Dr. Gordon, at a cost of \$2,000, are all paid for.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and the writer were very kindly entertained by Brigadier and Mrs. Burditt, while Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor looked after the temporal needs of Major Creighton.

The West is moving!—Yours truly, Joseph Pugmire, Lieut.-Colonel.

THE GENERAL

In Fashionable English Centres.

Over a Thousand People Come Through Gale, Hail, and Rain, and Listen to Eighty Minutes' Talk with Rapt Attention.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The General's visit to Tunbridge Wells was of much more than ordinary importance and interest. Though this town is a centre of wealth, beauty, and fashion, the Salvation Army and its General are as well known and highly esteemed in the "Wells" as at Eastbourne. Notwithstanding a terrible gale, with rain, hail, and snow, over a thousand people assembled at the Opera House to hear the General lecture on the Salvation Army and its work, and that on a Monday afternoon!

Councillor Alfred Hicks, the Mayor, presided over this influential assembly, supported by the Aldermen and Councillors.

His Worship said he was glad to preside at such a function, and to add the weight of the civic chair to his townsmen's appreciation of the work the Salvation Army was doing. The General was a great and a good man, and the Army had done more for the social reformation of the country than any other agency in existence.

The General's cordial reception was followed by a period of intense interest as he unfolded the thrilling history of the movement, an interest which in turn deepened into personal concern as our leader came to grip with the hearts and consciences of his hearers, and laid down one broad, definite line of salvation, sacrifice and service for all alike.

ST. LEONARD'S.

The General arrived in St. Leonard's the same evening. It was still wet and cold, but the large concert hall was crowded with twelve hundred people, many of whom came in their carriages.

Introducing the General, the chairman, Dr. F. A. Langham, J.P., said he counted it a great honor to preside. The question might be asked why he, a churchman, took such a prominent position in the meeting. His reply to that would be that he intensely appreciated the grand work accomplished by the Salvation Army. His experience of forty

years in the police courts of the town had proved the invaluable work done by that organization. He had seen some of the most dissolute characters, and the most degraded drunkards reformed and reclaimed, when fines and imprisonments had utterly failed to affect them, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army did not say, "Read this," or "Repeat that," but they went right down to the lowest depths, took a man by the hand, treated him as a brother, and said, "Come thou with us." The General had gone through sorrows, storms, and misrepresentations of the bitterest character, but he had outlived them all, and he (the chairman) was there to wish him God-speed.

The General's address was most stirring and was listened to with enthralled attention. It was full of force and abounded in striking passages, and occupied eighty minutes.

In moving a vote of thanks Colonel Ward said that he admired the Army because it had held on to the old truths and its original principles.

Musical Prize Competitions FOR 1906.

Important Extension.

The Annual Musical Competitions instituted last year by the Chief of the Staff proved so successful that he has decided to enlarge their scope for 1906. Consequently prizes are now offered for—

1. The best original Melody for general Salvation Army use.
2. The best original Selection for the use of Army bands.
3. The best original March for the use of Army bands.

The prizes will be as follows—

	£	s.	d.
For the best Melody	2	2	0
For the best Selection ...	2	2	0
For the best March	1	1	0

All Melodies, Selections, and Marches sent in for these competitions, whether published or not, will become the absolute property of the Salvation Army, which will have the sole right of publication.

Melody Competition.

The Melody Competition will be open to

Salvationists of all ranks, in all lands. Competitors must obey the following rules—

1. The Melody only must be sent, and it may be made to suit any set of words in the Salvation Army Large Song Book.

2. Competitors may send one or more Melodies of the same metre, or of different metres. They may also supply words.

3. The Melodies intended for this Competition must be sent in between August 1st and 15th, 1906. (For the convenience of competitors in other lands this date has now been extended from June 15th.) Papers should be addressed to the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. The words, "Melody Competition," should be written on the corner of the envelope.

4. To each Melody sent in a separate sheet of paper must be securely attached, bearing the full name, address, and rank of the writer, and stating the corps to which he belongs.

On no account must this information appear on the sheet which bears the Melody.

The Musical Board at International Headquarters will decide the award, and the name of the prize winner will appear in the War Cry, together with the names of writers of Melodies considered suitable for publication.

Selection and March Competitions.

The Selection and March Competitions are also open to Salvationists of all ranks in all lands. The following conditions must be observed—

1. Selections submitted are to be based upon material drawn from published Salvation Army music. The pieces chosen must be those that have not already been made use of in Selections published since and including January, 1904, viz., "B.J." 451 and upwards.

2. The Marches submitted may consist entirely of original material, or may be based upon material drawn from published Salvation Army music which has not been already used in Marches published since and including January, 1904, viz., "B.J." 451 and upwards.

3. The compositions must be sufficient in length to occupy one sheet of the "Journal," and must in each case be accompanied by the Full Score, as well as a complete set of parts as indicated in the printed Full Scores of the Army. They must be written on one side of the paper only.

4. All pieces intended for the Selection or March Competitions must be sent in between August 1st and 15th, addressed to the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. The words "Selection Competition," or "March Competition," as the case may be, should be written on the corner of the envelope.

5. To each composition a separate sheet of paper must be securely attached, bearing title, if any, of the piece, also full name, address, and rank of the writer, and the name of the corps to which he belongs.

On no account must any of this information appear on the sheets which bear the composition.

The Musical Board at International Headquarters, after having heard the best of the compositions rendered by the International Staff Band, will decide the award.

The winning Selection and March will be published, together with such others as may be considered suitable, in a Special Prize Number of the "Band Journal."

Competitors infringing any of the rules of the Competition will be disqualified.

A HAPPY REBUKE.

Archdeacon Ayre has been telling a Sheffield audience that he once sat opposite a drunken man in a tram-car. He put himself on familiar terms with the Archdeacon, thrusting a bunch of flowers in front of him and seeking to draw an appreciative comment on their beauty. The reply of the Archdeacon, with the eyes of all others in the car upon him, was apposite and effective. "Sir," he said, "do you know why those flowers are so sweet and nice? It is because they drink nothing but water." The owner of the flowers was sufficiently sober to see the point.



Special Prayer Topics—Pray for all summer councils, conventions, conferences, and open-air work.

Sunday, June 3.—Don't Fight Your Friends.—Luke ix. 49-50; Mark ix. 41-42; Matt. xviii. 7-29.
Monday, June 4.—Do as You Would be Done by.—Matt. xviii. 21-35.
Tuesday, June 5.—The Way of Knowledge.—John vii. 2-24.
Wednesday, June 6.—Divided Opinions.—John vii. 25-52.
Thursday, June 7.—Accusing Conscience.—John viii. 1-19.
Friday, June 8.—The Great Liberator.—John viii. 21-36.
Saturday, June 9.—What Christ Thinks of the Devil.—John viii. 37-55.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnstone.

(Continued from last week.)

The standard is too low, 1st, when people say a good, moral life is sufficient; that, if they pay their way, are just to all, "do the best they can," that is all that can be expected. Such a life is lived by many who make no profession of religion, but who are good fathers, kind mothers, clever business men, and honest workmen.

2nd. The standard is too low when people say they are free from the consciousness of guilt. That is the state of the converted soul. Every professing Christian should be sure that the guilt of the past is blotted out through the forgiving grace of God. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

What, Then, is the Divine Standard?

1st. It is to be given up to God's will. One writer has said, "The highest reach of faith is loving, intelligent consecration of our life to the will of God. We are to have desires, but they are to be held in subordination to God's desires and thoughts for us. We are to have plans, but they should be laid at God's feet; that He may either let us work them out for Him, or show us His plan for us, instead of our own. Complete consecration of our will to God's—that is the standard of Christ, a man living at which we are to aim. Tennyson puts this well in "Memoriam":

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

They are ours—we are sovereign in our power of will. They are to be made God's, but we must make them His—we must voluntarily yield ourselves to God. That is consecration."

2nd. To have a present experience of cleansing, not depending upon the testimony of five or ten years ago, but having the inward consciousness just now that the precious, all-atoning blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. The clear witness of the Spirit, God's Spirit bearing witness with ours that our life is right and pure.

"It is the blood that washes white,
That makes us pure within;
That keeps the inward witness right,
That cleanses from all sin."

3rd. To be perfect in love towards God. Though this is impossible to live a life of sinless perfection, that is, a life that will please everybody, a life free from mistakes and errors, it is possible to be perfect in love toward God, to have the same love, according to our human measure, as Christ had. He said, "Be ye perfect," and up to the measure of our human capacity, this is possible.

As the little darling paddling in the surf, on the stretching beach, holds in his chubby hands the dripping drops of water, it is ocean—tiny drops, it is true, but real briny water, the fullness of the ocean according to the baby's capacity so with the consecrated heart, it may be filled to its capacity with pure love towards God, and a consequent purpose to

This is the fundamental truth of the new evangel, as taught by the hero-apostle, Paul, in his letters to the early churches: "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." Peter left no uncertainty as to how he understood the work of redemption, when he wrote, "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance; but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." John, the beloved, who knew his Lord's heart, felt confident of his ground when he said, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

This doctrine was preached by the great John Wesley; for its promulgation the sainted Mrs. Booth contended; for the triumphs of this life God's people have been misunderstood and maligned, have endured opposition, misrepresentation, and the odium, "peculiar people." All spiritual success is attributable to this teaching. The light of a holy life is the radiance that will spread abroad hope and salvation in the world's dark places, and nothing can extinguish it.

Out of the Straight Course.

By Captain Thos. J. Meeks.

"Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me."—Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

Some time ago I saw a boat get out of its course, which, for an hour or more, was in very great danger of being wrecked, and ultimately lost. Just in the nick of time another vessel, seeing the danger, threw out a powerful searchlight, by which the peril was realized and averted.

The Word of God is a wonderful searchlight, and if we are honest, and allow its rays to generate our hearts, we shall know exactly where we are concerning our soul's experience.

Many are away from the path of duty and in great danger of being wrecked on the rocks of disobedience. They are off their right course, and had better allow God's searchlight to reveal it to them, that their soul may be saved and not lost. We all need to examine ourselves by the Word of God, that we may make a straight course for heaven, and at the same time bear much fruit. (John xv. 5.) God has said, with regard to prayer, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. (John xv. 7.) Abiding in Christ, among other things, means that our hearts have been searched and sin rooted out. Christ cannot abide in a sinful soul.

I well remember an experience in my own life while thinking over the text, "Search me, O God." It was revealed to me at that moment, that I was taking the glory myself when souls were saved, and forgetting to give it to God, to Whom alone it belongs.

There are other sins which are hidden away in the heart, and need to be searched out and forsaken, "that our prayers be not hindered." (1 Peter iii. 7.)

"Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that He cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that He cannot hear; but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you that He will not hear," said the Prophet Isaiah.

It is a blessed experience to know that we are cleansed by the precious blood and following in the footsteps of the Master.

There are, however, many "shipwrecks on the sands of time," many who have lost their hold upon God. Will you not take up the prayer of the Psalmist: "Search me, O Lord, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Sanctification in Relation to Courtship.

Girling, or in other words, flirtation, as opposed to sanctified courtship, is one of the most disgusting, and at the same time most harmful, things we have to combat to-day. Sanctification means love in the fullest, deepest, truest sense; hence the absence of selfishness, and the absolute abandonment of the will and the actions to God. Flirtation means selfishness in its most revolting form. The girl or the man, as the case may be, then comes first, and religion becomes a mere form. The heart becomes a mere meeting-place, and the fire of God is quenched in the soul, and work for God ceases. Usually it is those who are not even in a position to marry who are the most glaring offenders. Sisters, beware! Don't allow any fooling. Brothers, beware! If you have no serious intentions, why lead the girl on to think you have, and why give the world a chance to talk? Is it manly, is it gentlemanly? Then, too, consider your lost influence in the corps. Tittering and talking in the meeting soon takes the place of prayer.

"Life is real, life is earnest." Be earnest, be sincere. Let God rule in your heart, and such things will not be. Think of the best man, and the best men and women you know. Can you fancy such lightness in their lives. No, their courtship is sanctified, and while their love is deep and lasting, the heart is fixed upon God, and He has first place in their lives. Such a union is blessed and bright indeed.—John H. Wilson, Brandon.

THE BIBLE IN MANY TONGUES.

The Bible is now printed in a very large number of the languages and dialects spoken in the world to-day.

Among the interesting facts disclosed at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society—to whose funds, it will be remembered, the General recently made a grant of £1,000—was the statement that at the Society's Johannesburg depot fifty-two different versions of the Bibles were sold. Unfortunately no copy was in stock with the fifty-third language when a new-comer to the "gold-reef" city demanded a Bible in Icelandic!

At Winnipeg the Scriptures were supplied in forty-three different languages for the polyglot immigrants pouring through that gateway to the northwest.

In Japan and Korea the sales last year were double those of 1904.

THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR

Pays a Surprise Visit to Our N. and M. Home.

His Excellency General Sir Frederick Forster-Walker, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Governor of Gibraltar, takes a practical interest in our Home for Naval and Military men on the rock.

During the recent S.-D. effort which scored a considerable increase on past records, His Excellency headed Mrs. Staff-Capt. Souter's collecting book with a donation.

A short time since the Governor paid a surprise visit to the Home itself, and manifested the keenest interest in its equipment, and the work carried on. He left the following inscription in the visitors' book:

"An admirable Home. Doing a real Christian work. No space wasted. Clean and in excellent order. It deserves the fullest support."

PRAYING WITH MURDERERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

During a week-end at Pretoria Brigadier Palstra visited the local jail, and held a meeting with the convicts there on Sunday afternoon.

He afterwards visited two murderers, and as he prayed with them they both prayed for salvation. The Brigadier believes both men were converted before he left.

REPORTS

BRANTFORD.

Everyone at Work. About sixty-five cards and books out collecting for Brantford's great Self-Denial effort. Soldiers are red-hot. Men are doing their collecting at nights. Every man in the corps has a card. It is grand to see them all at work. Locals and bandmen conducted the meetings over Sunday. They had a good week-end, though rain hindered their open-air work.

BURIN.

Just a few weeks ago we S.-D. target down, received our S.-D. target, which seemed so high to reach; but beginning in earnest with prayer and faith, and a lot of tramping around from cove to cove, we have at last reached it, and down it comes with a crash. At first it seemed all very black, as all the men soldiers are gone away to the fishery, but with God as our leader we have the victory. We are also able to rejoice over seeing a few souls coming to God. We are in for victory.—B. S.

CAMPBELLTON.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming our Provincial Officers, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, to our corps for the week-end meetings. Their visit was highly appreciated by the soldiers and friends of the Army. Capt. Riley's music and song captivated everyone. His mandolin solos were good and artistically rendered. "My Life's Story" was the title of a lecture given by the Colonel on Saturday and Monday nights. The stereoscopic views were of a high order, as also was the Colonel's talk on his travels. Large crowds attended the services, and all have spoken very highly of the same. When ever the Colonel returns we anticipate a full house. The brass band is progressing favorably, and played in the open-air for the first time last Sunday. Judging by appearances the crowds in the open-air appreciated the music. We are looking forward to some real profitable times in the open air this summer.—Dymus.

CARBERRY.

Since last report things have been Three Souls. Changing somewhat. Our officers, Capt. Hardy and Lieut. Rankin, have said farewell, after a successful term of six months. Our prayer is that God's blessing go with them. Capt. Gardiner and Lieut. Ostrander are our new officers. We have had a visit from Mrs. Staff-Captain Taylor, of Winnipeg, which we all enjoyed very much. The weather being a little cool, the crowds were not as large as expected, but we found God's presence very near. The earnest appeals of sinners to choose the better part was very effective, and conviction was stamped on many faces, while two backsliders returned to the fold and one junior. We all say, "Come again soon, Mrs. Taylor." More anon.—C. O.

CATALINA.

Glad to be able to report an increase of soldiers at Catalina. We have seen some promising cases of conversion, and nine added to the roll. Good Friday was the day of our commitment. The church was packed with people eager to see the proceedings, which do not often take place here. Capt. Ebsary gave some encouraging words to the comrades who were about to launch out in the full ocean of God's love. Many souls are under deep conviction by the Spirit of our God. We shall continue persistent prayer, believing that our faith will be crowned with success.—One who is Interested.

CHARLOTTE TOWN.

On Easter Monday we had a very special time in our hall. We had a tea prepared, and at six o'clock the doors were opened to admit the number of friends who had gathered for the sumptuous repast. After each one had been served the hall was then placed in order for the after-meeting, entitled "The Availing Rock of Ages." It was a very solemn service, in which the presence of God was felt. Although no one yielded in the strivings of the Spirit, we are believing that the outcome will be many flying to the Rock of Ages. This meeting was carefully and prayerfully arranged by Capt. Noseworthy, who is in charge. The Captain and each comrade worked very hard in order that it should be a success. We trust that God will still continue to bless our dear Captain, and grant that she may be strengthened to carry on the good work which she has begun.—Annie Spracklin.

DOVERCOURT.

A good, soul-saving work is in progress at this corps. The One Soul progress at this corps. The at the Drumhead. crowds are interesting and meetings run of interest, on Saturday night one soul knelt at the Drumhead in the open-air. A sign which was present for the week-end, and God's power was felt throughout all the meetings. The band is improving. Look out for their picture in the pages of the War Cry.

DUNDAS.

Have you heard about Dundas? Finances going up, crowds of dirt, seven souls in the fountain, soldiers on fire, knees-drill times of blessing, converts getting along well. We are looking forward to greater things. Watch Dundas!—Lieut. Fawcett, for Capt. Vay.

EAST TORONTO.

Grand opening of corps in A New Opening and East Toronto yesterday. Adj. Smith and a company of Cadets opened up the work of the Army in that place, and although it rained nearly all day, we had a good time. We held an open-air on the corner of Main and Gerard Sts., which was well attended, and quite a few followed to the Boston Hall, where our work is to be carried on. Adjutant Smith gave a very stirring address on the future destination of sinners and backsliders, and two young boys gave their hearts to God. Cadet-Sergeant Wm. Forbes, assisted by Cadet Hutchinson, are in charge of the corps, and are believing for good times in East Toronto.—Sergt. Wm. Forbes.

FERNIE.

On Sunday we had the memorial service for the late Mrs. Simms, our Bandmaster's mother. The service was a very impressive one, and we believe that many resolved to live in a more prepared state. On Thursday we had our children's demonstration and parade. Over fifty children took part in the program. In the parade we turned out with the band, officers and ninety children, representing nine companies and Sergeants. The streets were thronged to see us. We are looking forward to our excursion on the 24th of May. All arrangements have been made, and we expect a wonderful time.

HEARTS DELIGHT.

We are in the midst of our S.-D. and going in for victory. We are sure of our target coming down, and that before this is in print. On the 25th of April we were blessed with a visit from our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Glover, accompanied by our D. O., Ensign Pitcher. We enjoyed the Brigadier's visit, for we were all delighted to have him come to see us. Although it was a real wet night, the Orange Hall, which had been loaned to us for that meeting, was well filled. We will not soon forget the Brigadier's Bible subject on "Every eye shall see Him." The children of God got blessed, and the sinner was brought face to face with the fact of meeting God.—Ensign L. England.

HESPELER.

Sunday was a great day, from On the Up-Grade. early morn till late at night. In the afternoon there was an enrolment of two brothers under the good old Army flag. God's power was felt, especially in the night meeting. Rev. Mr. Morrow (Presbyterian) was with us. His singing and speaking were much appreciated by all. He is a great friend of the Army, always ready to help in any way possible. God bless him. Self-Denial target smashed. Glory to God! Hespeler is on the up-grade, watch for it, especially with such braves as Capt. Garalde and Lieut. Wales.—Sunshine.

LISGAR ST.

After an absence of ten years, Major and Mrs. Rawling received a hearty welcome into our midst once more. They led on the Sunday meetings, which were full of the power of God, right from the helliness meeting to the finishing up at night. One soul returned home to God. Hallelujah! The night meeting was very impressive. Mrs. Rawling dealt forth the truth with power. The Major spoke on the dying words of our Saviour, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."—Nellie Dobney, for Adj. Newman.

LIPPINCOTT ST.

The Self-Denial Boat Race is attracting a good deal of attention. The Adjutant has wires fixed across the platform on which are some movable ships. As the targets come in, so the ships move. They are going full steam ahead now and are expected to reach port shortly. On May 12th Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor were with us. During the afternoon meeting the juniors marched in and laid their S.-D. targets on the altar. Over seventy dollars has been collected. The Brigadier gave a thrilling address in the evening meeting and secured the deep attention of all present. Three requested to be prayed for, and two young men came right out to the penitent form. Both of them expressed their determination to serve God, and we pray they may faithfully do so.

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LITTLE DAY ISLAND.

On Sunday, April 19th, God came very near, and we caught one soul in the Gospel net. He had been a backslider for some time and we are glad to welcome him home once more. Many more were convicted but would not yield. We wound up with a Newfoundland dance. We have smashed our S.-D. target all to pieces.

NEWCASTLE.

Since last report God has been blessing us. On April 19th we had an enrolment of recruits. Our meetings are well attended, and are proving times of much blessing and spiritual strength. On Thursday, May 1st, we were favored with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Capt. Riley. Our P. O. is always warmly welcomed in Newcastle, and this visit proved no exception. The lecture entitled, "My Life's Story," with 175 stereoscopic views was very entertaining and instructive. Some of the views shown were very pathetic, particularly the view of a shipwrecked crew, and as Mrs. Sharp read the thrilling story tears rolled down many cheeks. May God help these people to see they are making shipwrecks of their lives. The topic of the hour is Self-Denial, and we are praying that victory shall be ours. May the hearts of our leaders be cheered by a grand Self-Denial victory.—Fanny.

NORWICH.

Adj. and Mrs. Kendall visited Norwich for the week-end. On Sunday afternoon Bro. Smith drove the Adjutant over to Tillsonburg, where two good meetings were held. It rained hard, but as our comrades were on the King's business, they enjoyed their thirty-mile drive. Officers and soldiers were all in good spirits and full of enthusiasm for the Self-Denial effort.

PORT DE GRAVE.

A number of souls have An Affectionate Farewell. lately sought pardon, and there is great joy amongst us at seeing sinners turning to God. On Sunday afternoon we welcomed back our comrades from the ice fields, and at night bade farewell to several who were going to Canada, and two bound for the Training College at St. John's. Their parting words took hold of many hearts, and as we sang, "Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain," a sister came to the fountain of healing. We believe our comrades will make a mark in the world for Jesus. We gave them a real salvation send-off at the station. Capt. Noel, with a great number of her spiritual children, were there and sang till they were out of hearing.—A Soldier.

TILT COVE.

The power of God was manifested One Soul. in a striking manner last Sunday night, when a backslider returned to the fold. For a number of years he was a soldier, but the time came when he neglected to pray, and thus strayed away from God. What a shout of rejoicing arose when our brother came back to his Father and took up his cross again. There are many others in a backslidden condition. May they heed the invitation so clearly sounded out, "Return unto Me and I will return unto you," saith the Lord of hosts.—Cand. Dicks.

PALMERSTON.

Since last report we have seen Nine Souls. God's power manifested in many different ways. Souls are getting saved, and everybody being stirred up in their own souls more than ever as to the need of being fully given up to the will of God, and to obey at all cost, that they may be of more service to God in winning souls. Also our comrades are taking up the spirit of Self-Denial in a most delightful way. We have been hindered somewhat as to our collecting on account

of our dear Commissary we did not mind that forth the effort to make sense of the word, and time, I can assure you with us longer. We are very much, and were for King Jesus and to going in to smash out in following our great Himself in many ways of escape. We have stand again (the barrier that at the first meeting seeking pardon at the heard her prayer, and good meetings all day morning at knee-drill, the fold and received of the day four more have mercy upon them

PARLIAMENT ST.

Six Souls. ning side. In the past of seeing six souls were last Drum-Sergt. Ross organist, said farewell very sorry to lose the Street's gain. We have from the Old Land, with blessing. Officers, Cadets, Self-Denial, and expect—Lieut. Thompson.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Bryant and "Charlie," not only enjoyable, but professed conversion, and heart. Nearly \$2,500 in new barracks and lots, and as usual, those who those who could best reckon day some comrades a return of the enjoyable soldiers' life. Capt. Bryant and his son Charlie, whose singing was used of God, and who has been restored after being given up by spiritual meeting. Capt. H. I.-4 was short but full bear fruit.—John H. W.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

Thirteen for Salvation. ing's meeting there were ten of them being child S. M. brought a snapshot. We also had ice cream. much. We are still but Myrtle Winter.

REGINA.

Socials Help S.-D. we have with the help of the good C. O.'s both set themselves this \$50 each, and to help socials were held. The cleared something like made herself very popular with us, we not got an ice cream social, and quite a hustler, and carried together \$74 was raised. Since my last report four and one comrade has been well attended every night E. B., Corps Cor.

ST. STEPHEN.

Thing Right. getting saved each week much felt in all our. n has just arrived to help p makes a difference in th

SCHRIEBER.

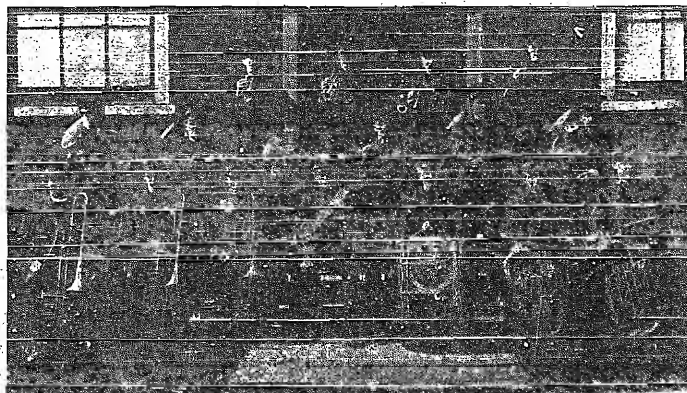
The day Fireworks. Things a open-air. disturbed by lighted fireworks. A love feast was in crowd attended. One w We are believing for Octopus.

SOMERSET, SER.

Sixteen Souls. had a souls seeking pardon. We have banner waving for souls, ever keep us all under ti Sergt. W. O. Evans.

SUSSEX.

Target Out of Sight. had the Moncton musical, the Martin, ex-Capt. Davis and St. John's. This most derful success. As far as



Dovercourt Band.

of our dear Commissioners coming in our midst, but we did not mind that, we were only too glad to put forth the effort to make his visit a success in every sense of the word, and we were well repaid for our time, I can assure you. We only wish he could stay with us longer. We all enjoyed his talk and singing very much, and were encouraged to go on fighting for King Jesus and to never give in. Now we are going in to smash our Self-Denial target. We believe in following our great example (Jesus), who denied Himself in many ways that we might have the way of escape. We have just moved back to our old stand again (the barracks), and we are glad to say that at the first meeting we had one precious soul seeking pardon at the mercy seat. We believe God heard her prayer, and pardoned her. This week-end good meetings all day, commencing early Sunday morning at nine o'clock. One backslider came back to the fold and received a glad welcome. At the close of the day four more were found crying to God to have mercy upon them.—O. R. C., E. E. T.

PARLIAMENT ST. We are having good times at our corps, and are glad to report that we are on the winning side. In the past week we have had the joy of seeing six souls won for the Master. On Sunday last Drum-Sergeant, Ross and wife, who has been our organist, said farewell to Parliament St. We were very sorry to lose them, but our loss is Esther Street's gain. We have also welcomed two soldiers from the Old Land, who have already been a great blessing. Officers, Cadets, and soldiers are pushing Self-Denial, and expect to smash our target of \$285.—Lieut. Thompson.

PRINCE ALBERT. We have recently had the pleasure of a visit from Capt. Bryant and "Charlie." His stay among us has been not only enjoyable, but very profitable. Several souls professed conversion, and show evidence of a changed heart. Nearly \$2500 has been subscribed for the new barracks and lots. Most people gave liberally, and, as usual, those who did not were in most cases those who could best have afforded to. What a reckoning day some people will have when God demands a return of the talents lent. We had a very enjoyable soldiers' tea this week, as a farewell to Capt. Bryant and his youthful yet valuable assistant, Charlie, whose singing was not only enjoyed, but was used of God, and also a welcome to Mrs. Willis, who has been assigned to us in answer to prayer, after having given up by the doctor. It was a blessed spiritual meeting. Capt. Bryant's message in Acts II. 1-4 was short but impressive, and will, we believe, bear fruit.—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. On April 7th and 8th we had Capt. Capt. McLean in Sunday morning. At his meeting there were five came out for salvation. Ten of them being children. On the 18th our J. S. M. brought a great response to the soldiers' meeting. We also had ice cream and enjoyed ourselves very much. We are still believing for better times.—Myrtle Winter.

REGINA. We are busy trying to smash Socials Help S.-D. Our S.-D. target of \$200, and we need hopes of doing so with the help of the good people of this city. Our C. O.'s both set them as the task of getting \$100 of this, \$50 each, and to help them along two successful socials were held. The Captain had a pie social, and cleared something, \$10.35. Lieut. Coleman, who made herself very popular in the short time she has been with us, was not going to be beaten, so she held an ice cream social and in cold weather, too. She is quite a hustler, and carried off the honors by \$4. Altogether \$74 was raised by means of the socials. Since my last report four have professed conversion, and one comrade has been enrolled. Meetings are well attended every night, and God is with us.—E. B. Corps Cor.

ST. STEPHEN. Things are still moving in the right direction here. Souls are getting saved each week, and God's power is very much felt in all our meetings. Lieut. Strothard has just arrived to help push the war, and his coming makes a difference in the open-air.—Tours, Jim.

SCHRIEBER. The devil is mad and we are glad. Things are going ahead here. The open-air meetings are being disturbed by lighted fireworks being thrown into the ring. A love feast was held on Sunday, and a goodly crowd attended. One wished us to pray for him, we are believing for great things.—Salvation Octopus.

SOMERSET, BER. Since our last report we have had the joy of seeing sixteen souls kneeling at the mercy seat seeking pardon. We have still got the blood-and-fire banner waving for souls. We pray that God may ever keep us all under the shadow of His wings.—Sergeant W. O. Evans.

SUSSEX. Since last report we have had some wonderful success. We have just had a visit from the Monmouth musical troupe, consisting of Ensign Martin, ex-Capt. Davis Smith, and Lieut. McKervey and a stringed. This meeting proved to be a wonderful success. As far as S.-D. goes our target has

gone out of sight. We are rejoicing in a wonderful victory. The next on the target is a J. S. Jubilee. Good times for Sussex in the future.—Philetus.

TORONTO JUNCTION. Five Souls. Once more we report victory through the precious blood. This corps has been opened twenty-five weeks, and every Sunday night precious souls have come to Christ for pardon. Sunday 13th, Staff-Capt. Miller was with us. Good day! the power of God was manifest and five young men came forward. This revival spirit is with us, and we are in for victory all along the line. The devil has taken a back seat.—Secretary.

YORKVILLE. On S.-D. Sunday we had the pleasure of having with us Staff-Captains and Mrs. Attwell and Capt. Russell, joined at night by Capt. Lightbourne, of T. H. Q. From early morning until we closed at night the power and blessing of the Lord was very manifest. Their kind words of counsel and exhortation were well received. They were sharp and to the point. Capt. Russell's singing was listened to with wrapt attention and we all felt much inspired by it. We closed the day's fight feeling it had been a real day of blessing to our souls, and thanking God for one sister who surrendered her all to Jesus. Our collections were above the average. During the week we had three more souls seeking salvation, making four for the week. Thank God for the continual gathering of souls.—Sec.

For Jesus' Sake.

A Glimpse at Our Cadets During Self-Denial Week.

It was a happy, enthusiastic band of young men and women that gathered together at the class room at the Training Home for the first time after Self-Denial Week. It had been a hard fight for many, but having consecrated their lives to the service of Jesus Christ, they were not dismayed at trials, and they had boldly come forward and won. What victories they had to rejoice over! What experience to relate!

The Principal enters the room and is greeted with clapping of hands, and then everyone kneels in prayer to return thanks to God for the privilege of such a happy reunion. The atmosphere seemed charged with the spirit of praise and prayer, and the responses to the petitions are loud and fervent. The very presence of the Spirit is felt. He is there to bless His people. At what other spot in the wide world should that Holy Spirit be more conspicuously felt than at a Training College of the Salvation Army, amongst those whom He has called to be leaders of His people—His apostles, and prophets, and teachers? It is for His sake that they have left all in order that they might follow Him closely and be of use in extending His Kingdom on earth. It is for His sake that they chose a life of poverty, of toil, of cross-bearing, and self-denial; but having set their affections on things above, and counting earth's treasures as dross, therefore the comforting presence of the Holy Ghost is of far more value to them than anything else. It is not denied to them; nay, rather it is poured out, and they drink of the refreshing streams of grace until their souls are abundantly satisfied.

They have been out for the week on the business of the King—to plead the cause of the distressed and sinful and sorrowing. The world has sneered at them, despised them, counted them as fools, told them to go and work for an honest living, said they were throwing their lives away; but none of these things have moved them. Neither discouraged by the jeers of those who misunderstand them, or persuaded to turn aside from the path of self-denial by the temptations of an easier life, they have gone on patiently and bravely, and worked and begged and prayed and pleaded for the cause of Him they love.

What have been the results? To begin with, they have raised \$1,221.51. Of this sum, \$545 was collected in the boxes on the streets, mostly in p'cells and cents. The highest amount collected by any one individual was \$66.25. That was very good, and the use to which the money will be put will also be good. Who can estimate, however, the influence that has been exerted upon the people by the sight of the Salva-

tionists standing on their streets day after day for a whole week? Some could not understand why they did it. What hard taskmasters the Salvation Army must be to make those poor girls stand all day in the cold, and wet through some.

One gentleman rung up the Principal and asked him if he wasn't ashamed of himself for allowing it. "Well, you go and tell them to go home and see if they will do it," was the answer; "and say, if you'll tell me your address I'll see that one of our collectors calls upon you for a donation towards Self-Denial."

The only answer was the click heard as the receiver was hung up.

Go home! Not they! It was for Jesus' sake they were there, you see, and they were His willing servants. Not grudgingly, or of necessity, did they serve, but wholeheartedly, of their own free will.

"Say, how do you know you're saved?" asked a man of one Cadet.

"If I wasn't saved I might have my coat off and be pitchforked into ven instead of standing here with this box," replied the Cadet.

"Will you give me a donation?" said another to a policeman.

"Why don't you go and work—I'll give you a pick and shovel," replied the representative of the law.

"Every preacher was to give up preaching and go to work with pick and shovel, I guess you'd need a hundred and fifty extra policemen in this town before long," was the reply he got.

"The Lord Jesus Christ didn't stand on the corner with a collecting box," said one man who wanted to give some advice.

"I know He didn't, but it's the job He's given me to do, and I'm going to do it. Now put a quarter in." It was for Jesus' sake that they were there, and they knew it.

For three long hours he had tramped the streets, going faithfully from door to door, but receiving nothing. It was a hard district. A boy looks out of the window as he climbs up the steps of a house to ring the bell.

"Don't want any to-day!" he called out.

"Don't want any of what?" replied the Cadet.

"Salvation!" yelled the boy as he closed the window with a bang.

"Call around at my house on ——— Street and I'll give you a dollar," said one gentleman when asked for a donation.

Full of expectancy, the Cadet went to the street in question. Alas! his hopes of getting that dollar were dashed to the ground. He had forgotten to ask what the number of the house was, and the street was a mile long.

Just a few of the many experiences that were encountered that memorable week. They were all blessed through it, whether they collected much or little. As regards blessing, perhaps it may be said, "They that gathered much had more over, and they that gathered little had no lack." It was according to the motive that inspired all that the spiritual rewards were distributed, and on the whole they were pretty even.

Eastern Events.

I stated some time ago that there was talk of changes and improvements in the Halifax Rescue Home. The present building is altogether too small for its work, and is at present wretchedly overcrowded. The Army has been offered the property for \$4,000, and if this amount can be raised it will be purchased and a new building erected, which, with the present structure, will give all the room that is required. With this end in view, Adj. Thompson, the financial man, is at present in Halifax soliciting subscriptions, and as Halifax never fails financially, it can safely be taken for granted that the deal will go through.

I understand that a wedding will take place at Halifax on June 26th. I am not at present at liberty to mention the names of the contracting parties, but the general and deserved popularity of the groom throughout the Eastern Province makes the affair more than usually interesting.

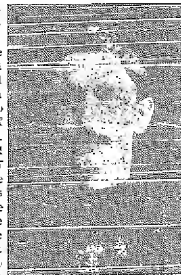
We will soon be having a new G. E. M. Agent, as Ensign Campbell, who at present holds the position, will shortly be retiring. Whatever his next appointment will be he will have the best wishes of all his friends.

Capt. McEllean and Munro are both sick at New Glasgow.

A splendid united meeting at Stellarton last evening, soldiers from Westville and New Glasgow uniting. Capt. Smith, assisted by Mrs. Smith and Lieut. Gifford, of New Glasgow, were in command. Ice cream was served at the close of the meeting.

Capt. Richards and Lieut. Smith are in charge of Stellarton, and although the warm weather is interfering with their crowds somewhat, they are getting along very nicely.

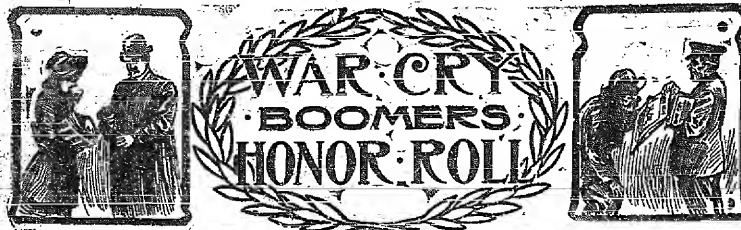
Capt. and Mrs. Smith, who have recently taken command of Westville, report that the work is progressing very favorably. Their hearts have been cheered by seeing seven or eight souls coming to Jesus. Their S.-D. target has been smashed quite easily, and the work generally is in good condition.—Ranger.



Cadet-Sergeant Wm. Forbes (out of Prince Albert).



Cadet Hutchinson (out of Winnipeg I).



"De thermometer an' risin' dear arts, an' yer ole Aunt Sue am fearful lest her gloves an' neckties should falter in well doin'. Ven I was on de Pacific Coast, dey used to sing wid wonderful lung power, 'I ain't got weary yet.' Dis here is de secon' week dat B. C. boomers be missing from de lists, an' it's sort o' lonesome widout dem! Specs dere new Provincial man will be a-bustling dem up 'fore long. As it be, my Montreal I. champion keeps me a-bustling 'em up 'fore long."



CARBERRY. Since last year, we have been Three 5.

Who Has a Match for Him?
West Ontario Province.
51 Boomers.

Adj. Kendall, Bramford	222
P. S. M. Mrs. Ward, London	222
Sister Eva Norman, Windsor	150
Sister Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	117
Capt. L. Garside, Hespeler	100
Capt. E. Patterson, Guelph	100
Mrs. Adj. Hyde, Chatham	100
P. S. M. Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	100
Capt. Hinesley, Tilsonburg	100
Capt. Jones, London	100

Lieut. L. Horwood, St. Catharines; Capt. M. Horwood, Barrie, 90; Sister E. Gilkison, Guelph, 90; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 80; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 80; Lieut. McWilliams, Goderich, 80; Capt. Askin, Goderich, 80; Capt. E. Driscoll, Forest, 75; Mrs. Bank, Galt, 60; Lieut. Driscoll, Forest, 75; Mrs. Sumner, Stratford, 75; Capt. Brock, Wingham, 74; Lieut. Dobney, Paris, 70; Capt. Duncan, Blenheim, 70; Sister Forbes, Simcoe, 70; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Capt. Matier, Clinton, 65; Capt. Cook, Bothwell, 65; Capt. Kitchen, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Kerrison, Sarnia, 65; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston, 60; Sergt. Wimbie, 61; Lieut. Pearson, Norwich, 60; Sister Brantford, 60; Lieut. Pearson, Norwich, 60; Sister Henry, Wallaceburg, 60; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex, 55.

50 Copies.—C. G. Nettie Laird, Essex; Sister A. Hodgson, Sister A. Norbury, London; Sister Eva Fuller, Sister M. Tyngall, Chatham; Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Woodstock; Sister Mrs. Drew, Windsor; Capt. Crossman, Lieut. King, Dresden; Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Kingston; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Sister Mrs. Jones, Kingsville; Sister Watt, Sister Horton, Ridgeway.

East Ontario Province.
32 Boomers.

P. S. M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	345
Sergt. Armstrong, Montreal I.	175
Mrs. Adj. Criswell, Ottawa I.	170
Lieut. Thompson, Smith's Falls	160
S. M. Stevenson, Peterboro	150
Capt. Oldford, Quebec	140
S. M. Dwyer, Ottawa I.	100

99 and Over.—Mary Massey, Kingston.
99 and Over.—Capt. Liddell, Cobourg; S. M. Rogers, Montreal IV.
70 and Over.—Ensign Crego, Brockville; Mrs. Ensign Mrs. Ackerman, Picton.
50 and Over.—Sergt. Barker, Kingston; Ensign O'Neill, Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa I.; Lieut. Nelson, Kingston.
30 and Over.—Eva Stevenson, Peterboro; Mrs. Ensign Clarke, Tweed; Sergt. Brown, Kingston; Lieut.

Gowers, Capt. Thornton, Trenton; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Campbellford; Bro. Barrie, Montreal IV.; Ensign Gamalidge, Iroquois; Captain Penfold, Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke; Cand. McFadden, Capt. Adair, Ottawa I.; Sergt. Moors, Lieut. Bearchell, Sergeant Greenfield, Montreal I.

Training Home Province.
23 Boomers.

Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Hamilton	155
Lieut. Proudlove, Owen Sound	125
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	110
P. S. M. Jordan, Lippincott	100
Sergt. Mrs. Cowie, Temple	100
Capt. Baird, Dovercourt	100
Lieut. Patrick, Hamilton II.	100
Lieut. Pocock, Bowmanville	100
Riverdale, 75; Lieut. Geo. Carey, Uxbridge, 75; Lieut. Price, Niagara Falls, 70; Lieut. Thompson, Parliament St., 60; Capt. Meador, Parliament St., 60; Adj. Harkirk, Lippincott, 50; Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St., 60; Capt. Stickells, Aurora, 55.	

50 Copies.—Capt. Varnell, Dundas; Sergt. Mrs. Rice, Sergt. Lizzie Bradley, Sergt. Geo. Barrett, P. S. M. Rice, E. Pointon, Temple.

New Ontario Division.
17 Boomers.

Ensign Hoddinott, Orillia	150
Sec. N. Richards, Lindsay	100
P. S. M. Jones, Huntsville	100
Capt. Chislett, Sturgeon Falls, 80; Captain Hall, Bracebridge, 75; Lieut. F. Hayhoe, Soo, Mich., 75; Capt. Beattie, Penfold, 70; Ensign McCann, New Liskeard, 60; Capt. Denberville, New Liskeard, 57; Adj. Mercer, North Bay, 53; Lieut. H. Johnston, Barrie, 55; Lieut. Peterson, Barrie, 50; Capt. A. Jordan, Barrie, 50; P. S. M. Myler, Barrie, 45; Mrs. Herlithie, Barrie, 50; Capt. Calvert, Soo, Mich., 20; Lily Stewart, North Bay, 20.	

Ensign L. England.

Newfoundland Province.
15 Boomers.

Sergt. S. Fynn, St. John's I.	250
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Stickleland, St. John's I.	100
Capt. Jones, St. John's II.	100
P. S. M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 70; J. S. S. M. Evans, St. John's II, 55; Cadet Husey, St. John's II, 50; Cadet Ball, St. John's II, 50; Matthews, St. John's II, 25; Sergt. Harris, St. John's I, 25; A. Brown, Blaketown, 50; C. R. Bexton, Blaketown, 20.	

New Ontario Notes.
Self-Denial has been the main topic of the land of N. O. D. for the past few weeks. All hands are doing their utmost to smash the target, and we believe it will be accomplished all right by the time the effort is over.

The Brigadier has visited several places in the interests of S.-D. during the past two weeks. Oneness was the first place at which he called. Capt. Braas and her assistant are full of faith, and laying their plans to reach the target. No doubt this will be accomplished before this is in the hands of our readers.

Kimnault also received a visit from the D. O. Capt. Warren and Lieut. Whitney are pushing the claims of God in this noted circle. Sergt. Major Teague, or Norland, with his concertina, gave us a helping hand at the meeting. S.-D. is receiving a good deal of attention from officers, locals, and soldiers. Look out for a smashed target.

Fenelon Falls was the stopping-place for the week-end. This place has had two serious fires of late. One factory employing ninety-five men and boys was completely destroyed. As far as the S.-D. is concerned we are on the up-grade. Some splendid cases of conversion have taken place lately, and two soldiers were enrolled at the D. O.'s visit. Capt. and Mrs. Beattie are pushing the S.-D. here; about one-third of their target secured already.

Lindsay.—We made a flying visit to this place for the Monday night. Ensign and Mrs. Leadley and Sec. Richards are putting in full time for S.-D., and they are determined to reach their target, and to be the first to send in the full amount. (Later.—This has been accomplished. The full target of \$175 has come to hand, and first at that. Congratulations!)

Barrie.—Mrs. Collier accompanied the Brigadier to the old battleground for the week-end. I tell you, we had a splendid time. The holiness meeting was a time of refreshing. Self-denial and self-sacrifice was the theme. In the afternoon two sought salvation, and eight more at night—ten for the day. S.-D. is all right here, the most of the target has reached. D. H. Q. and we expect the balance next mail. Good

again. The D. O. also conducted a meeting in the County Jail, which was much appreciated.

Collingwood came next on the list. This place is booming just now. The Collingwood Shipbuilding Company has over 400 men already at work, and expect to employ fully 600 before the season is far advanced. A number of English soldiers are coming to work here, which is helping the local work splendidly.

Meaford was the last port of call. It rained and snowed. Talk about blizzards, this was a blizzard in May, but we had a nice crowd and a splendid meeting. Capt. Meeks has had no Lieutenant for a few weeks, but is fighting bravely on, we hope to send her an assistant at once.

The reports on S.-D. are very encouraging from all over the Division, and we hope to gladden the Commissioner's heart by reaching the target, and if we can go beyond it, all the better.—Traveler

CORRECTION.

Under the heading, "Memo from the N. O. D." in a recent Cry it was mentioned that since Capt. Boyd took over at Gravenhurst, "six months ago," they have had twenty-three souls. This was a mistake, and should have been "six weeks ago." We are pleased to make the correction, as it shows all the better in our comrade's favor at Gravenhurst.

From Our Mail Bag.

Get Blessed Through the Easter Cry and Doubled S.-D. Contribution in Consequence.

Dear Editor,—I thought you might like to know of the good accomplished by the Easter War Cry. One of our officers, after reading a copy sent us a cheque for \$10 as his contribution for S.-D. He has previously donated \$5, but said after reading the good work accomplished by the Army he wished to increase his gift. Since our last report we have seen nine souls at the penitent-form, and have enrolled five soldiers under the flag. Hallelujah! We have smashed our S.-D. target, having exceeded it by \$30.—Capt. Penfold, Sherbrooke.

Back to Duty.

Dear Editor.—During the past few months I have received several letters from officers throughout the Maritime Provinces, who have either visited Sussex or have been stationed here, asking me what has happened to the Sussex correspondent to the Cry. I may say that it was not neglect or lack of interest in the noble work of the Army that prevented me from attending to this most pleasant duty, but being like too many that we read of in the good book, who had "oxen and land to look after." He has been the cause of my not writing. I trust in the future to contribute from time to time items of interest to the readers of the Cry and to my numerous old friends of the Army everywhere.—F. W. Wallace, Sussex, N.B.

(Where are the others? Hustle up and follow the example of our brother.—E.A.)

Welcome Visitors.

This is a place you seldom hear anything about. Although there is no corps here, we had Capt. Davidson, Mrs. Johnston, from Victoria, and Capt. Davidson, from Vancouver, visiting in connection with the Self-Denial effort. They did very well, and held a meeting which was very much enjoyed by everyone. Hoping to see them often.—Stewart Loggers, Gimmaus, B.C.

From a Laid-Out.

As this is the annual Self-Denial effort, I feel that I have a right to give something to the blessed Lord as an aid to help secure the perishing. I hope it will be the means of God's name being glorified. This is all the money I have got at the present time, but I trust the blessed Lord for all things needed. I wish you to pray for me. I am striving to please God always, and as I am a long way from any church and seldom see a preacher of the Gospel, I feel the need of the prayers of God's people in order that I may be able to live righteously among the people in this neighborhood.—J. B. Bruce, Short's Point, B.C.

Easter in the Yukon.

Dear Editor.—We thought you would be interested to hear how we spent Easter in this northern country. On Good Friday we held a cottage meeting down Bonanza Creek; had a good crowd. Then on Easter Sunday we held a special meeting with the children at the close of which we gave them each an Easter egg and pretty Scripture text. Sunday night service was very impressive. God was with us. During the week we gave an Easter service each evening, and opened the Presbyterian Church for the evening, and had a congregation of 500. Our program consisted of song and wand drills, quizes, solos, recitations, violin and piano, and a variety of other things. The show all present pronounced it a grand success. The snow is melting now rapidly, and we are glad the long cold winter is over. We have just discarded our felt boots for long rubber ones. The roads are in a frightful condition, in some places knee-deep in mud. Yours in the war, Capt. Andrew and Poase.

Prom

Mother Hollow

Dear Mother,
To that
Where no
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On earth
She's go
Released
Life's v
The gales
And ent
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Into that
To live

BROTHER

Bro. Charles R.
Army for many
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glance Charles
happened upon his
want in salvation
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down and prayed
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the flag in this to
When dying he
a good Army fun
testimony, got th
His request re
in proper Army
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soldiers put in go
the last token of
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tendants to pray
can evade taking
At the memorial
we had a crowd
were turned away
spoke upon our
Captain's subject
appealed to all wh
Many were the le
the power of God
will reveal the go
rade's life and de

MISS

To Parents, Relations
We will send for nothing
possible, under enclosed
reproduction of a photo in
change of two dollars in bills,
dolls, and friends are requested
Contribute if they are able

5327. BRADLEY,
60, height 5ft. 8in.,
have gone to Mich
5402. HUTCHING
was at Windsor, O.
camps, then went
known) up the Bl
for twenty years.
Watson) who lived

5407. TOWNSEND
Canada in April, 19
Moose Jaw. Age 3
eyes, fresh complexion

5415. REDOUT, J.
felt. Last known a
gone to the Klondik

5412. TYSON, J.
light brown hair, a
blue eyes. Address
known address, Ne
Spokane.

5413. CORDINGAN
fair hair, brown eyes
here by Dr. Barnard
hold, Ala.

Trade Secretary, Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

BRING THEM ALL.

Tune.—Take Back the Heart.
Send out Thy heart and Thy truth, Lord;
Into my heart let them shine;
Here while I'm waiting in faith, Lord,
Hark to these pleadings of mine.
Search now my heart, do not spare it—
Pour in Thy Spirit's pure light.
Tell me the truth—I will bear it—
Hide not the words from my sight.

Chorus.

Saviour, my all I am bringing,
How can I offer Thee less?
Widely the doors I am flinging,
Come and Thy temple possess.

Now I can see they are cursed,
Things that looked fair for a while;
Since they have weakened my service,
Hidden the light of Thy smile.
How can I dwell in Thy presence,
Lift up my face without spot,
If in my heart there are treasures
Which I have yielded Thee not?

Send out Thy light, let it lead me,
Bring me to Thy holy hill;
When from all sin Thou hast freed me,
I shall delight in Thy will.
Jesus, Thy wounding is tender,
Kind is the light that reveals,
Waiting until I surrender,
Pouring the balm then that heals.

Fulness of joy in Thy presence,
Bliss at Thy side evermore,
This is the life that I enter,
Now that my struggles are o'er.
When with Thy Spirit's rich treasure
My earthen vessel is stored;
Mine is the service of pleasure,
Thine all the glory, dear Lord.

THE BETTER PART.

Tune.—Innocents (N.B.B. 83).

Jesus, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only Thine, I am;
Take my body, soul and sin,
Only Thou possess me whole.

Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to Thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give Thee all my heart.

Rather than the sorrow of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the Fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to worldly business.

All my treasure is above;
All my riches in Thy love,
Who the truth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All Thy other gifts remove,
Soul-Thou givest me all in love.

LOVE DIVINE.

Tune.—Beulah Land.

I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
To leave it none could me entice;
It fills my heart with joy and love,
And fits me for my home above.

Chorus.

O love divine! Most love divine!
That draws me near and keeps me Thine,
It makes me serve Thee while I can,
And do more for my fellowman;
And when my work on earth is done,
A crown of love I will have won.

My Saviour's blood has been my plea,
'Twas shed on Calvary for me;
It washed away my guilty stains,
And makes me sing in joyful strains.

Then while I live to speak His name,
I'll spread throughout the world His fame,
And tell to sinners far and wide
Of a loving Saviour who has died.

J. W. McWhorter.

TRUE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

Tune.—The Watch on the Rhine (N.B.B. 19).

What sounds are those which reach the ear?
They tell of freedom drawing near,
When all we sinners' bondage groan
Their greatest—er shall own.

Chorus.

True soldiers of the cross we are,
For God and souls we march to war;
We fight to gain our heart's desire—
To win the world by "blood and fire."

He who helped us in the past,
And led us through each stormy blast,
Will still conduct our Army on,
Till all the world to Christ is won.

The hearts and lives by sin defaced,
The homes by drunkenness disgraced,
A new and better day shall see,
And end in Jesus' liberty.

Then let us each more boldly fight,
In leading sinners to the light.
Till we receive the glad "Well done,"
When every victory is won.

WILL YOU GO?

Tune.—N.B.B. 201.

5 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road to folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Will you go? Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe on the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this small house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

March on, happy soldiers, the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we'll be massed on the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

THE PRISONER'S SOLO.

6 A party of salvationists were holding an open-air meeting on a piece of waste ground near to a prison. Someone started the solo we give below. When half way through there came a shout from the prison wall, and the Salvationists saw a prisoner looking through the grating of his cell window.

He shouted, "Pray for me! Pray for me!" Of course, they did so there and then.

Some months later the very officer who held this open-air was on an Army platform in another town, when a man got up from his seat and testified to having been saved in prison through the singing of an Army solo. He was the same prisoner who had shouted from the cell window, "Pray for me!"



Long o'er the mountains Thy clear voice still
My poor soul had gone pleading—
"Why wilt thou die?"

In blackest darkness, Roused from my dream-
Dreaming 'twas day, My soul's eyes were
Hast'ning fast to destruc- opened wide.
tion. Hell frowned before me,
Dreaming still that all Remorse my guide;
was well. My sad heart relenting,
Oh, go heedless of danger, While my sins rose
Going down to hell. mountains high.

Chorus.

But Jesus, dear Jesus, Satan still hissing—
You were ever at my "Your time's gone by!"
side. Then joy like sunbeams
Ehretating and pleading: Breaking through the
"For thee I died!" clouded sky.

I heard Thy wooing, Bright hope drew nigh:
Yet sped on my mad Sweet the voice 'now
career, pleading,
Satan deceiving Coming from the rug-
Said, "Hope is near." ged tree.

Passing by all warning, And with blood still
Yet my soul would streaming
heave a sigh, Cried, "I died for thee!"

REMEMBER ME.

Tune.—Remember Me.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Chorus.

Remember me, remember me,
O Lord, remember me;
Remember Lord, Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

Was it for sins that I have done
He suffered on the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Dear Saviour, I can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

The Commissioner

will visit

STRATFORD,

ON

Sunday, June 3rd.

Meetings as follows:—

11 a.m.—In the Citadel. Holiness Meeting.

3 p.m.—In the Opera House. "The Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army."

7 p.m.—In the Opera House. "Shadows of the Cross."

The Commissioner will be accompanied by
Lieut.-Colonels Pugmire and Gaskin.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Kyle,

will visit

KINGSTON Sat. and Sun., June 2, 3.

GREAT

Camp Meetings

WILL BE HELD AT

Dufferin Grove, Toronto,

FROM

June 23rd to July 9th,

(INCLUSIVE).

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS

Colonel and Mrs. Kyle,

Territorial and Training Home Staff
and Cadets.

A DETAILED PROGRAMME WILL BE GIVEN LATER.

The Cadets will encamp throughout the
Campaign. Soldiers and friends who desire
to rent tents should apply to Brigadier Taylor,
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